Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

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Photo by *Lallie Charles*

Lady Guendolen Osborne

Eldest Daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Leeds

No. 5.—Vol. I.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of from 1,000 to 4,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to The Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: the Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

The BYSTANDER'S NOTES.

Wednesday, January 6, 1904

The New Year has dawned upon a world beset with worry and anxiety. Last week our contributor, "Minimus," under the heading of "The Sign of the Times," indulged in a satirical *résumé* of the progress of the world for the years now gone, and his final summing-up—which amounted to a declaration that in foreign countries the past year had shown very little advance to humanity generally—if somewhat cynical, was not without a strong leavening of truth.

In that *résumé* the criticism of this nation was omitted. It is our privilege, now that we have stepped into another year of our calendar, to indulge in a retrospective, and possibly prospective, view of our national position. What have we achieved in the Year of Grace 1903? What future seeds of national prosperity have we sown?

Undoubtedly the first and foremost subject that occurs to the minds of our readers in this connection will be the Fiscal controversy, which has arisen, and arisen in such a heated form, that all the past has been forgotten, all the misdeeds revealed in the War Commission Report wiped out of the scutcheons of those responsible for the blunders and errors of the war, and wiped out simply owing to the anxiety of all parties to take sides in the battle which this new year will probably see brought to a final issue one way or the other. The Fiscal controversy swamps everything else, great or small. It looms overhead and stretches far away to the horizon. There is no room to consider anything else. "The War Report, the Expedition to Tibet, the Russo-Japan imbroglio, Yellow Labour in South Africa?" says paterfamilias, "I know nothing about those matters. Now, ask me about the Fiscal Question——"

And to do him justice the fault is not entirely his. When his favourite newspaper—irrespective of its attitude on the subject—places Mr. Chamberlain's Commission in largest type, in the most important part of the paper, and shelves these other questions into far corners, how can Paterfamilias be expected to think contrary to the opinions of the organ which cherishes his political convictions? The respectable "business" man, who has been so thoroughly well eulogised of late that his cheeks should tingle at that blessed word, does not even trouble to gauge his adversary's strength by reading up the other side of the case. Confident, with true British stolidness, that his view must of necessity be the correct one, he despises those who dare to differ with him accordingly.

And Mr. Chamberlain? Will he gain the confidence of the country? Will the electorate give him a mandate to administer the tariffs his Commission is going to tabulate for us? We know not, and the indications, so far, are such that none but a very wise man or a fool could prophesy. He undoubtedly is popular in music halls, and his policy is being advocated in hundreds of pantomimes. A straw will show which way the wind blows, and yet—and yet. Well, the Bystander stands by hesitating, afraid to leap to the other shore. America, from the high eminence of high tariff walls, looks amusedly on. Germany, who undoubtedly has benefited by the privilege accorded her of freely dumping subsidised goods upon our shores, is somewhat alarmed, and, meanwhile, business, dislocated by the South African War, is again injured.

Turning to our concern with matters foreign: among many incidents, profitable and otherwise, stands out the *rapprochement* with France. It has long been clear to every keen observer that the nation in the fore-front rank, and which of all others was bound to us in friendship by every tie, sentimental and commercial, was France. We are her largest customer, and amid the collisions due to international enterprise France alone, of the leading nations (only excepting Italy), has never, or rarely, clashed with us.

And to His Majesty the King is due this *rapprochement*. Truly a kingly act, and not the only one. Within the twelvemonth he has visited the King of Italy and the Pope in Rome—in itself a remarkable fact—has been the guest of the Emperor of Austria and the King of Portugal, and subsequently entertained many of these distinguished persons in return. Thus the outlook between the great Powers is of the friendliest description, and the clouds which a possible struggle between Russia and Japan would have caused to gather are, by the wise and regal acts of our sovereign, dispelled in a breath. Here is the health of King Edward and luck in 1904 to Old England!

People of Interest

A Coming Wedding

The marriage of the Master of Belhaven, the only son and heir of a popular Scottish peer, and Lady Grizel Cochrane, the pretty daughter of Lord and Lady Dundonald, will take place as soon as her gallant father returns from Canada. Lady Grizel is a true soldier's daughter, enthusiastically interested in military matters, and therefore it must be a satisfaction to her to feel that her future husband has chosen the same career as did, for the good fortune of his country, her famous father, whose splendid conduct in the South African war is still vividly remembered. Through her mother, who was a Miss Hesketh, Lady Grizel is half Welsh, and she has spent most of her childhood and youth at the curiously named Gwyrch Castle. Lady Grizel is a fine horsewoman, and when in town is often seen in the Row, where she one season, during the very hot weather, created a mild sensation by wearing, in place of the orthodox headgear, a quaint Panama hat, which, tied under her chin with a black ribbon, recalled a very quaint old-world fashion which was in vogue a hundred years ago.

A Ducal Débutante

Lady Guendolen Osborne, the graceful, intellectual-looking daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Leeds was among the most interesting of last year's *débutantes*, if only from her close relationship to so remarkable a group of men and women as Lord Durham, Lady Pembroke, Admiral the Honourable Hedworth Lambton, and the Dowager Countess of Morton, the latter, who is a most intimate friend of the Queen, being Lady Guendolen's great-aunt.

The Duke and Duchess of Leeds spend much of their life abroad in consequence of the Duchess's delicacy, and, accordingly, their young daughters and little son have enjoyed a more cosmopolitan existence than that which falls to the lot of most aristocratic young people. Lady Guendolen is, however, devoted to her splendid Yorkshire home, Hornby Castle, of which she has occasionally done the honours in the enforced absence of her mother.

Photo by *H. Walter Barnett*

The Master of Belhaven and his fiancée, Lady Grizel Cochrane

Retd Nov 9-04

A Leading Amateur Actress

Mrs. Willie James, who will take the title *rôle* of Cinderella in the Chatsworth theatricals this first week of the New Year, is, perhaps, the most gifted, as she is undoubtedly the most popular and charming, of our amateur actresses. She is a niece of Georgiana Lady Dudley, and is one of those fortunate people who seem to have been born, not only to good fortune, but to happiness and success. Known to our Queen from childhood, she has long been among the most intimate of Her Majesty's younger friends, and she has had the signal honour of entertaining the King and Queen at her beautiful home, near Goodwood, on more than one occasion. One such visit, which took place before the Sovereign's accession, aroused much interest in Society, as the then Princess of Wales had so rarely stayed under the roof of any untitled host or hostess. Mr. James, who is one of several good-looking and popular brothers, is a great sportsman, and West Dean contains many trophies of his big-game expeditions.

Photo by *Alice Hughes*

Mrs. Willie James

Who takes the title *rôle* of Cinderella at the Chatsworth theatricals

The Queen of Cairo

Of the many great ladies to whom falls the pleasant honour of representing the feminine side of our vast Empire in great cities, few have a more delightful life than has Lady Cromer, the wife of the man who has brought back prosperity and stability to Egypt. Lady Cromer, who is her distinguished husband's second wife, was Lady Katherine Thynne, a sister of Lord Bath, and thus she spent her girlhood at stately Longleat, which has been described as the most splendid of English country houses. For some years Lady Katherine Thynne was considered one of the best looking and most accomplished unmarried women in Society, and much interest was roused by the announcement of her engagement to Lord Cromer. Though the wedding was a comparatively quiet one, bride and bridegroom dispensing with bridesmaids and best man, it was the smartest event of the kind that celebrated the first autumn of the new century. Lord and Lady Cromer are now in Cairo, whither Lady Cromer was accompanied by the most prized of her possessions, a fine baby boy, born in October, who bears his father's name of Evelyn.

Photo by *Cameron Studio*

Lady Cromer

Colonel Alan Gardner's Candidature

If relationship counts for anything, Colonel Alan Gardner, who is trying to win the agricultural constituency of South Herefordshire for the Liberal Party, should make an ideal member for such a Parliamentary division. For this gallant officer is not only a brother of the President of the Board of Agriculture in the last Liberal Administration, but he is also, by a somewhat curious coincidence, the brother-in-law of the Earl of Onslow, the Minister of Agriculture in the present Conservative Government. The Right Honourable Herbert Gardner now hides his identity under the title of Lord Burghclere, having been raised to the peerage eight years ago for his services as the head of the B ard of Agriculture. The Liberal candidate for South Herefordshire is a mighty hunter and a great traveller, but whether his present expedition will carry him as far as Westminster the next general election alone will tell.

Lord Normanby's Marriage

Lord Normanby's marriage has not caused unmixed delight to his hosts of friends, for it has involved his giving up his admirable preparatory school at Mulgrave Castle, Whitby. The happy couple received innumerable congratulations and presents, amongst which, we may be sure, the most cherished will be a beautiful set of silver candalabra, given to the popular peer-pedagogue by his old "Mulgravians." The new Lady Normanby shares with her sister, Lady Inchiquin, the considerable fortune left by their father, the late Mr. Johnston-Foster, of Moor Park, Ludlow, which is now the seat of Lord Inchiquin. Lord Normanby is believed to be the first example of a clerical Marquis on record. For years he was the hard-working incumbent of a populous parish near Manchester. He is an excellent preacher, as visitors to San Remo, where he has generally spent his hard-earned holidays, have reason to know. Her late Majesty gave him his canonry of Windsor about twelve years ago, and this carried with it a lovely old house in the cloisters. The Phipps family have for generations been in favour at Court, and Lord Normanby's great-uncle, the late Sir Charles Phipps, was Treasurer to the Prince Consort.

Politeness and Probity

The two P's, Politeness and Probity, have always been regarded at Mulgrave Castle School as even more important than the three R's. Lord Normanby's school was first started in the little village of Sandsend, near Whitby, and it was such a success that there was nothing else to do but to transfer it to Mulgrave Castle. This is a comparatively modern building, but it is not far from the ruins of the old castle, which must have been a place of great strength in the reign of Henry V., but was dismantled by order of Parliament, in 1647. The present castle was built by a daughter of James II., Duchess of Buckingham and Normanby, whose daughter married the first Lord Mulgrave of the Phipps family.

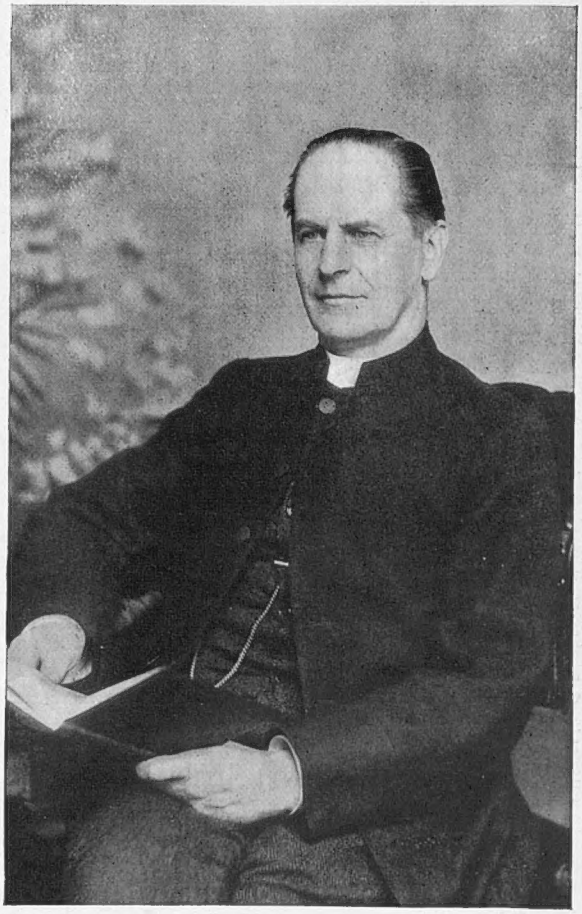


Photo by *Watson*

Lord Normanby

It is not shown to the public, who are, however, allowed access under restrictions, to the incomparably beautiful woods and drives which cover the sides of two deep ravines. The castle contains some famous pictures by Claude, Paul Veronese, Van Dyck, Kneller, Gainsborough, Hoppner, and Reynolds. The view from the end of the lawn at Mu'grave, known as "The Quarter-deck," is so entrancing, that

Photo by *Watson*

Mulgrave Castle, the Yorkshire Seat of the Marquis of Normanby

Photo by *Fradelle & Young*

The Late Sir Harry Bullard, M.P.

when Charles Dickens was shown it, he literally danced with ecstasy at the sublimity of the scene. The system at Mulgrave was always perfectly simple and yet thorough, with ample opportunities for indulgence in all manly sports. There was a splendid carpenter's shop, and also a bijou theatre, where many plays and burleques, written by Lord Normanby, have been performed by the boys. In spite of all attempts to persuade him to change his mind, Lord Normanby never would take more than a limited number of boys. Among those lucky enough to have been educated at this perfectly ideal school may be mentioned the young Duke of Leinster, Lord Caledon, and Lord De Clifford.

The Late Sir Harry Bullard

The House of Commons, equally with the city of Norwich, regrets the loss of that most genial of mortals, Sir Harry Bullard. Sir Harry was really popular with every section of the House, and he will be particularly remembered for his devotion to the pigeons of Parliament-square. He used to bring down a great bag of Indian corn, and it was quite a touching sight to see the excitement and commotion among his feathered friends the moment he appeared and began to scatter his largesse. Sir Harry was Norwich through and through, had served as Mayor for six terms, had been sheriff, had received his earliest education in the city, and it was only reasonable, therefore, that the citizens should drink the very sound ale which he brewed at the Anchor Brewery. It is some eighteen years since Norwich first returned him to Parliament, but his election was then voided on petition by the Liberals. This action, however, was so unpopular, that the citizens eagerly subscribed to pay Sir Harry Bullard's expenses. He did not return to the House of Commons till 1895, when Norwich gave him a thumping majority.

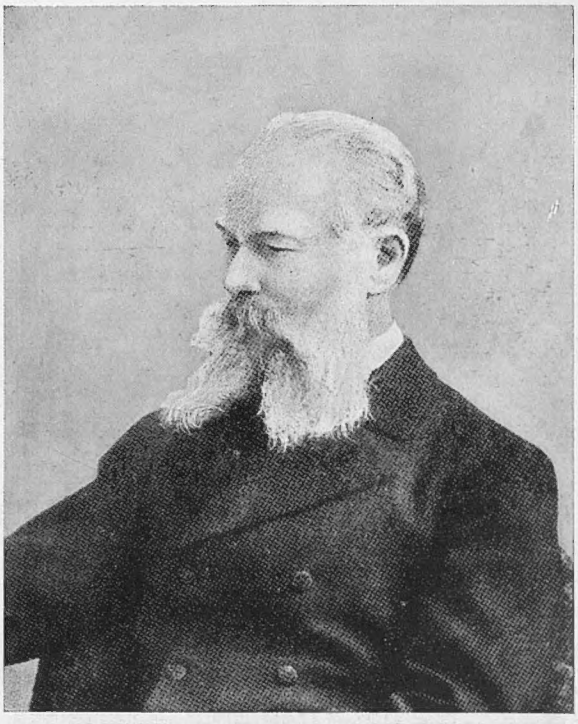
A Gifted Great Lady

Lady de Grey heads the group of noted beauties who claim to be clever as well as lovely. She has always been famed for her remarkable personal loveliness, and since her second marriage has taken a prominent part in encouraging manifestations of high art, especially in connection with music. Indeed, she and Lord de Grey were largely instrumental in bringing about the re-establishment of international opera in London, and, thanks to their efforts, the handmaid of the Muses has once more become the fashion, Covent Garden being now one of the principal resorts of the great world each season. Lady de Grey has also shown herself active in promoting what was worth promotion in a very different field, for she was one of the first, if not the very first, leader of fashion who realised the importance and value of motoring, and she early became the proud owner of a delightful electric brougham. Of late years Lord and Lady de Grey have lived at Coombe, a pretty country place near the Thames, within easy motor-car reach of town. They also have a flat in Paris, where Lady de Grey makes short sojourns, accompanied by her only child, Lady Juliet Duff, whose recent marriage has not deprived her mother of her constant companionship.

Photo by **Lady de Grey** *Otto*

A Great Russian Diplomatist

At the present moment Russia, in a diplomatic sense, is very much to the fore, and we are glad to be able to get a portrait of that most notable of Russian diplomatists, M. de Nelidoff, who has just been received by M. Delcassé on taking up his new post as Russian Ambassador to France. M. de Nelidoff is probably one of the most astute members of the Russian diplomatic service, which is famed among all nations for its exceptional "slimness." He exhibited this quality to a remarkable degree when he was Russian Ambassador to Turkey in the nineties, at the time when the Armenian Question was so much to the front. In December, 1897, M. de Nelidoff was appointed Russian Ambassador to Italy, which must have seemed to him a veritable haven of rest after the anxieties of the near East.



M. de Nelidoff, the New Russian Ambassador to France

Sir John Day

Among the most eminent of the judges now in retirement is Sir John Charles Day, who is the survivor of the three who presided over the famous Parnell Inquiry Commission of 1889. Sir John's birth and bringing up were of a cosmopolite character; he was born at The Hague, the son of a British officer, who married a Dutch lady, and was educated first at Fribourg, and afterwards at the Benedictine College of St. Gregory at Downside, near Bath. He took a degree at London University, and was "called" in 1849. He had a large practice at the bar, became a Q.C. in 1872, and a judge of the Queen's Bench Division on Mr. Justice Bowen being raised to the Court of Appeal. "The Common Law Procedure Acts" and "Roscoe's Evidence at Nisi Prius" are standard law books of his editing. Another Irish affair within his experience was his presidency of the Commission sent to inquire into the Belfast riots of 1886. He was the hero of one of the best of modern legal epigrams. When the judge once, on circuit, showed himself disposed to go on sitting to an unprecedented hour, a note was passed up to him bearing the lines:—

> Try men by night! My Lord, forbear!
> Think what the wicked world will say,
> Methinks I hear the rogues declare
> That justice was not done by Day!

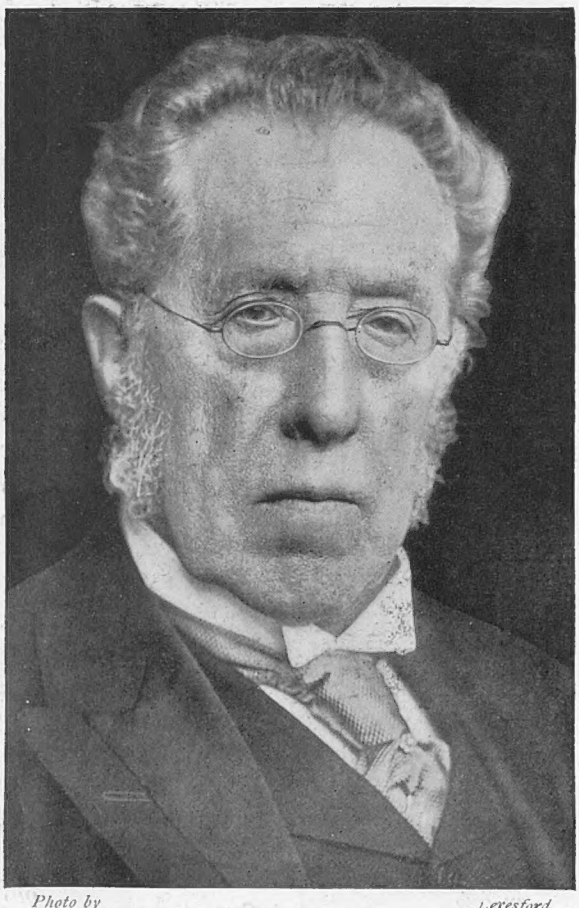
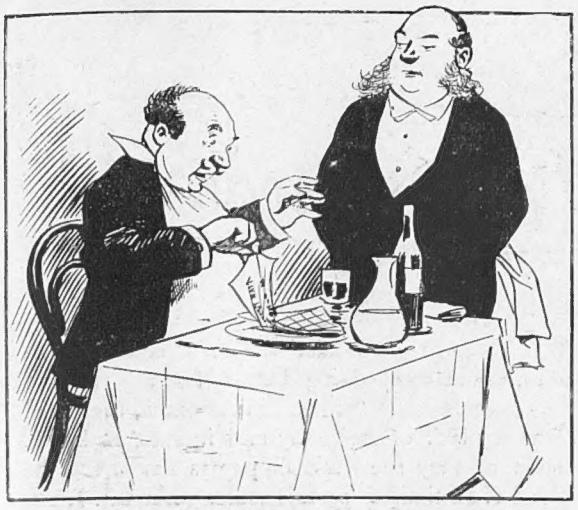


Photo by *Lereaford*

Sir John Day

The Late Sir William Allan, M.P.

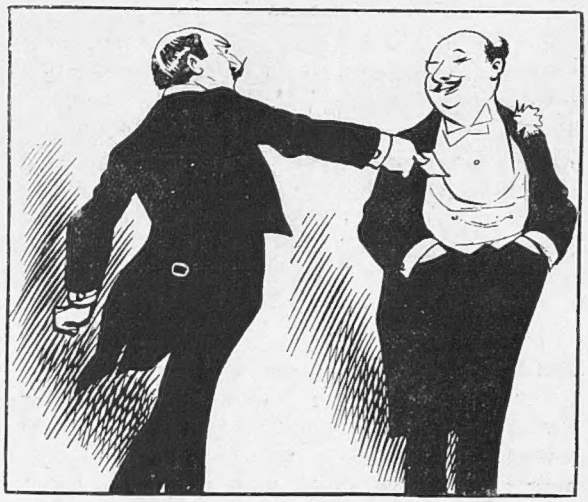
The late Sir William Allan, M.P. for Gateshead, was essentially a self-made man, and he was certainly not the only one who laid the foundations of his fortune in the American Civil War. But it falls to the lot of few to have such a varied and stirring career as that which has just, and, to most people, so suddenly closed. A working engineer, an engineer in the Royal Navy, chief engineer in the blockade running of the aforesaid war, a prisoner of war, a large employer of labour, a Member of Parliament—Sir William was all these at one time or another in the course of his busy life. Born in the year when the late Queen Victoria ascended the throne, it was a happy coincidence that at the coronation of her successor he should receive the honour of knighthood. The deceased Knight was a Scotsman first and always. His business was the Scotia Engine Works, and his address, Scotland House, Sunderland. One of its most picturesque figures, the House of Commons will sadly miss him.



1. AN OUTCOME OF THE BAKERS STRIKE IN PARIS

"What on earth is this?"

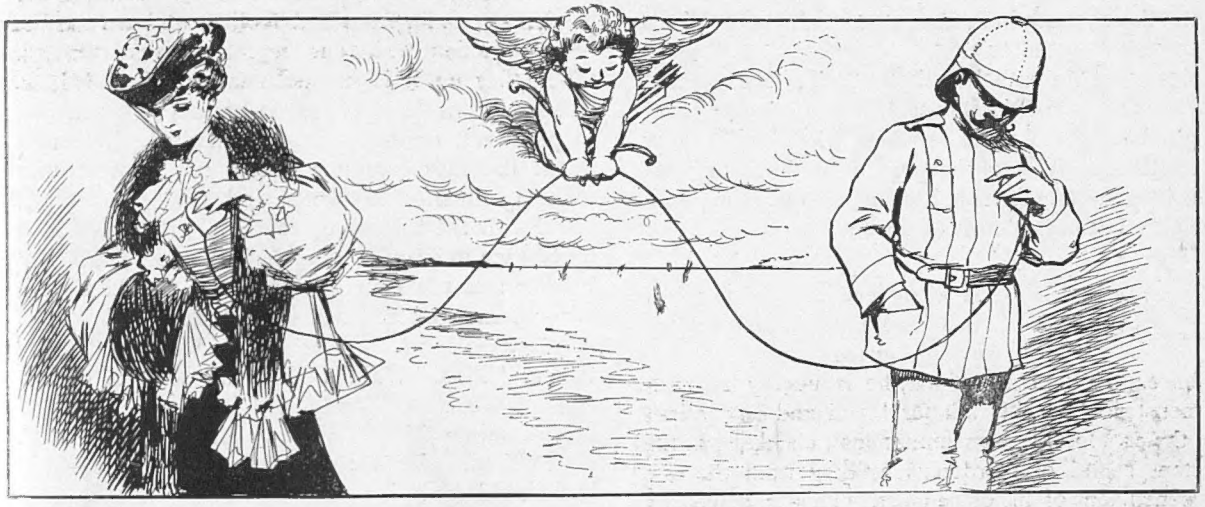
"It is, sir, a list of grievances which the bakers have incorporated in all Twelfth Night cakes."



2. DUELS OUT OF FASHION

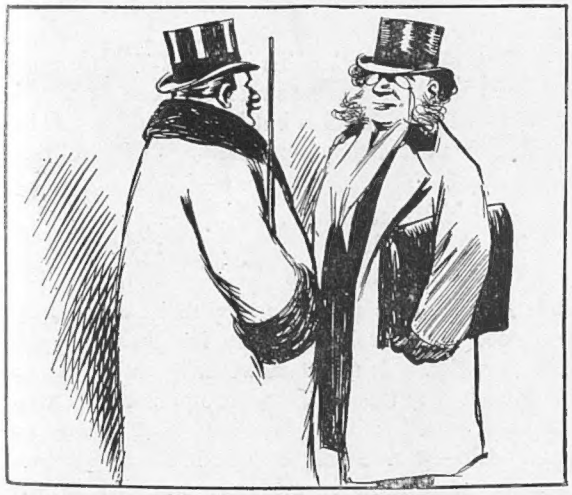
"Here is my card, sir, and I am waiting for yours."

"A duel, my dear sir? Why, it is no longer the fashion."



3. THE NEW TELEPATHIC TELEPHONE

The discovery of X-rays and radium has opened up the prospect of a new form of mental telepathy which will rival the telephone. Then there will be no *petites fonctionnaires* to cut the line.



4. AN ECHO OF THE HUMBERT CASE

"I hear that ministers will be 'not at home' on New Year's day?"

"The rumour is correct. You see that, as a result of the inquiry into the Humbert case, they are afraid of making acquaintances in high life."

5. REAPPEARANCE OF YVETTE GUILBERT

"Are you going to hear her?"

"No, but to see if she has grown thinner or stouter."

PARIS WEEK BY WEEK

As depicted by our Special Artist

Most Inconsiderate!

There is, mercifully, in all the grave affairs of life a humorous side. It wants looking for, but it is almost always to be found. Thus, in the Russo-Japanese affair, which is likely to be, in deadly earnest, a grave affair, a grim humour is to be found in the columns of the Press and the capers of the wretched journalists who have been employed throughout the protracted tension in finding something new to say. Committed on a Monday to a definite statement that "the eleventh hour has come," these poor fellows have been reduced to desperate straits by having to prolong that eleventh hour indefinitely. Nations and governments are often inconsiderate. But they really might be able to make up their minds one way or the other, instead of keeping a hard-working and enlightened body of men harping on one string until the tune becomes almost wearisome.

Scribes

It is difficult, too, in a case of this kind, for the journalist to avoid giving many people offence. In the event of war, he is usually hailed as a monster who spills ink for blood and sets nations by the ears for his own amusement, chuckling at the distant sound of murderous artillery from the safe entrenchment of his office chair. This is, of course, a far-fetched idea. Not only is the journalist a comparatively unimportant factor in the determination of international issues of peace and war, but he is also bound to write of a matter as it appears to him —or to the editor.

And Pharisees

I would not lightly suggest that the power of the Press has been weakened by "Encyclopædia" advertisements and competitions; that it could no longer execute, as the *Times* once did, a threat to turn the Government out (some Governments might be turned out by the *Little Puddleton Gazette*). But it would plead for leader-writers who have done their best to stiffen the back of Japan against the coming conflict. They were probably bloodthirsty from the highest motives. They doubtless sang their "Hark, the Herald Angels!" or "Extians, awake! Salute the Happy Morn!" (why not "Extians" and "Exendom" after Xmas Xtras?) with no less fervour because on the previous day they had called, for the general good, for gallons of blood. To shout "Yah! assassin!" at them is unkind. It shows a non-conformist, if not an absolutely hypocritical spirit. We are not yet in Utopia, and, for all any one knows, the martial leader-writer may be a volunteer, and therefore justified.

Cœlum, non animum

Whilst Warner's stalwarts are doing better for the blessed "ashes" in Australia, they need not fear any lack of sympathy and interest at home. As soon as they see English papers they must be absolved of all timidity on this score. Bar Mr. Leno, whose gratifying convalescence and reappearance in pantomime has been the most important event of recent years, they are the one never-failing topic of mad enthusiasm or desperate anxiety. Besides our passionate zest for flannelled fooling, we have another bond of union with our representatives overseas. Where they are it is summer weather. So it is here. Not since June have we known breezes so bitter, rain so persistent, or inclemency so marked. We may resent the topsy-turviness which, not content with changing summer to winter and winter to spring, jumbles all the seasons up together, giving us a little bit of each in every month; but it is something that Warner and the man in the street should have a remembrance of summer in common. (It is, of course, a solecism to refer to Mr. Warner otherwise than as "Plum" Warner. But this term of endearment has been so largely used in the Press that I prefer to be original. What a lot of Mr. Warner's most intimate friends must have commenced journalist in their old age!)

The Plebescite

The *Daily Mail* Fiscal Canvass has passed without any of those serious effects that might have been anticipated. No fresh eruption of protection, no particular portent in the political firmament, no eclipse of the sun or shower of shooting stars heralded the declaration of the poll. The gutters did not run blood, and Big Ben did not strike eighteen as would have happened had Tacitus but been yet alive. It is, indeed, difficult to estimate precisely the effect of this notable event. The figures were:—

For Retaliation . . .	238,894
For Free Trade . . .	166,606
For Preferential Trade .	141,279

But as Retaliation is the one policy that can be safely disregarded as a purely imaginary reason, we are not much forrarder. It might, however be interesting to know which way the retaliators are prepared to vote when confronted with a choice of "Cobden or Chamberlain—your money or your life." At present, the *Daily Mail* itself is evidently wrapped in the same obscurity as ourselves. That it has been able to glean nothing from its own canvass, may be judged by the fact that its policy actually remains the same. And as this must be the eighth or ninth consecutive week without a tergiversation, things must have come to a desperate pass in Carmelite Street.

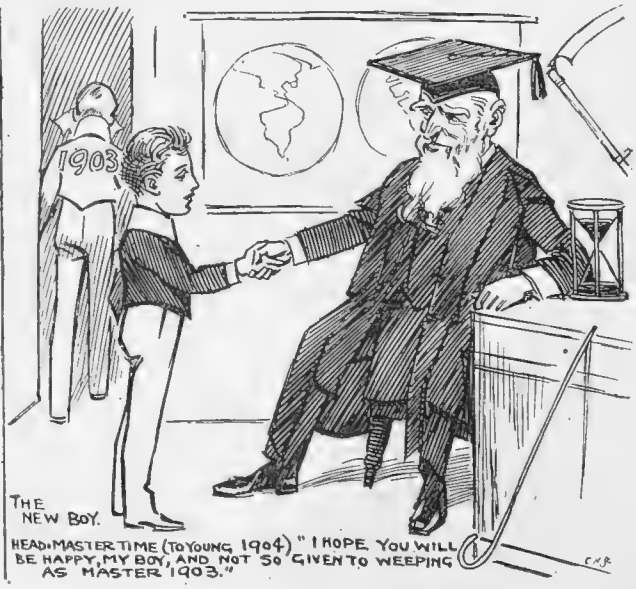
The Topictator

THE KING'S JESTER RETURNS TO DRURY LANE.

AFTER A "GOOD OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS" NURSE "LITTLE MARY" ATTENDS JOHN BULL.

THE BRITISH LION "STAY WHERE YOU ARE, EAGLET. THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS ARE FULL OF BEES!"

TRITE-M.D. "YOURE ILL-DYSPEPTIC— OVERWORKED—WORRIED— I CAN CURE YOU— BE JOLLY—LAUGH— THE PATIENT. "WHAT AT?"



THE NEW BOY.

HEAD-MASTER TIME (TO YOUNG 1904) "I HOPE YOU WILL BE HAPPY, MY BOY, AND NOT SO GIVEN TO WEEPING AS MASTER 1903."

FROM ABROAD.

Cannes

At Cannes, of course, the passing of Christmas is regarded as an introduction to the ceremonies and festivities attendant upon the advent of the New Year. The season has been somewhat dull, and it is hoped that the New Year will see a change. There is a subdued note in the actions and movements of those who are here this winter, and, certainly, there has been no striking public function so far. However, if there has not been much excitement, the weather has been quite delightful, and it would appear as if the good old-fashioned fine weather of earlier years is going to return. The sky has been without a cloud, there is no wind, and the temperature is that of an exceedingly mild and early autumn. A series of concerts, at the instigation of the Union Artistique, begins in January at the Gallia Theatre, under the direction of M. Albert Frommes. They are eagerly expected, and little entertaining has yet taken place. Small gatherings at breakfast, tea, and dinner occur, but they are of a private character, and do not add, in a general way, either to the fascination of Cannes or to the delights of the season.

Ancona

This town which used to be one of the Venetian Republican cities, bears many traces of that period in its history. A town rather out of the beaten track, finely situated on many hills looking out north-eastwards on the Adriatic, it amply repays a visit. The buildings are fine and stately, and though some are tucked away in narrow and very steep streets, others, like the Duomo, are open all round. The Duomo, indeed, possesses one of the most magnificent sites possible for a cathedral, for it looks over the sea on three sides from an altitude of several hundred feet, and on the fourth side commands a splendid view of the whole town and port. This thoroughly typical and old-world Italian town is worth going to, if only to leave it by steamer to Venice, the sea approach to which is, of course, the most striking. Steamers of the Florio Rubetino line run weekly, and are very comfortable and seaworthy. In fine weather, in any case, this is a pleasant change from the eternal train, besides which visitors will find it a much more enjoyable way of travelling.

A Fine View of Cannes from the Hotel de la Plage

Ancona—The Cathedral can be Seen in the Top Left Hand Corner

Biarritz

The weather here has been most unseasonable for Christmas. It appears, moreover, as if a change for the worse had set in, and that, as though a wet Christmas were not sufficient, we shall have to endure a damp New Year. The past week has been miserable, and, although one or two days were fine, for the rest of the time there fell a persistent drizzle. Despite the rain, however, there have been some refreshing gaieties, in which the British Club have played a leading part; indeed, it is quite the vogue now to dine there; many little dinner-parties have been held there—the energy and discretion of M. Gilbert, the secretary, making it certain that the details of these functions will be executed carefully. Polo and tennis have stopped temporarily, but there are rumours of an interesting ball to be held upon New Year's Eve. Many distinguished people are passing the winter here, the few new faces lending additional charm to the social whirl of the various little colonies which make up the life of the community here. The same excellent train service serves both Biarritz and St. Jean de Luz, which are but twelve miles or twenty minutes apart, and, travelling by the Sud express, the journey is the least fatiguing on the Continent.

Sad News from St. Jean de Luz

The death of Mr. George Gissing at St. Jean de Luz is a sad reminder of the number of literary personalities who have passed away of late. Mr. Gissing did not enjoy good health. Being delicate and consumptive, he spent a good deal of his time on the Continent, his favourite resort being this little town in the Pyrenees.

The Port des Pecheurs at Biarritz

A Winter Haven

St. Jean de Luz is a little town, which enjoys a lovely situation by the sapphire waters of the Gulf of Gascony, and nestling under the shadow of La Rhune, the last westward peak of the Pyrenees, is becoming a very popular winter haven with English people. St. Jean de Luz does not aspire to rival Biarritz in the fashionable sense, but as a residential resort it possesses certain advantages over its big neighbour, notably in offering cheaper living, better shelter from the wind, and closer proximity for excursions into Spain, and the most interesting parts of the Basque country. During the last few years a large number of villas have been built round the land-locked bay, and these are in great demand by English families, who form a colony large enough to indulge in a good deal of gaiety in the way of concerts and dances, and to support golf and tennis clubs.

The Town and Harbour of St. Jean de Luz

Diversions of all sorts

The golf links at Barbe, a breezy, sandy hill, about half a mile north from the town, are excellent, and from them you obtain splendid views of the ocean and the Pyrenees. The Casino is closed during the winter months, but its rooms are available for amateur theatricals and dances, while it also shelters the English Club. Many meets of the Biarritz fox-hounds are within reach, and when the spring comes round good trout-fishing is to be obtained in the Pyreneean streams. Unlike Biarritz, there are no mammoth hotels, but the principal hostelry, the Hôtel d'Angleterre, facing the sea, is one of the most comfortable in the south of France, and this season it has been enlarged and given a winter garden. The excursions to be made from St. Jean de Luz are so numerous and of such varied interest that we can only enumerate the more important. Mediæval Ticenterralia, the curious Port of Pasages, gay St. Sebastian, and Biarritz, Campo and the Pas de Roland, and a whole host of interesting Basque hamlets, situated on the lower slopes of the Pyrenees. It must be remembered that the town itself boasts the pride of memories, which go to raise it far above the level of an ordinary seaport town.

St. Jean de Luz, Showing a View of the Chateau of Louis XIV.

The Theatre of Past Wars

As the scene of the celebrated Spanish marriage, the quaint old streets, houses, and what once were palaces, are associated with "Le Grand Monarque," the Infanta of Spain, Mazarin, Velasquez, and the great French and Spanish celebrities of the period. Then, St. Jean de Luz was Wellington's headquarters during the winter of 1813–14. You may see the houses in which Wellington, Marshal Beresford, and Sir John Hope lodged, and, after reading "The Subaltern" have vividly brought before you all the romance of campaigning, as our great-grandfathers experienced it, in those stirring days.

A Sweep of the Bay at St. Jean de Luz: The Golf Links are Situated on the Cliffs

New Year on the Continent

During the last week express trains have been pouring in English visitors at Basle and Geneva on their way to the Alpine resorts. Grindelwald is crowded out, and not a room can be had at the hotels. The same state of affairs exists at Territet and Les Avants, while the season at Davos and St. Moritz promises to be the best for many years.

Castellamare

From the terrace of the Hôtel Quisisana, at Castellamare, a most perfect view of the Bay of Naples and the cloud-capped, smoking cone of Vesuvius may be obtained. The little place with the charming name is, too, within a forty minutes' drive of the ruins of Pompeii, a convenience which is very considerable when the four and a half hours' journey by road from Naples to the buried city is remembered; moreover, it is admirably situated for those little visits to neighbouring places of interest which fill in the days when one is abroad. Near Castellamare is the Cappuccini monastery at Almalfi, which receives guests, and is, in reality, monastic only in name. The monastery is quite curiously situated, a severe landslip having carried off half the building. The section remaining stands upon the very edge of the cliff, looking down on the ruins of its other half. By-the-bye, beneath the ruins of the monastery, which lie piled with the *débris* from the cliff, and washed by the sea, there are the remains of several guests who were surprised in the hotel, and buried by the nuns when the landslip occurred. The monks seek, of course, to show that the remainder of their retreat was protected by the special intervention of the Blessed

The New Paris Bourse, which has just been Completed

Homburg—Golf Links in the Curpark

Virgin. A fresco of the Virgin Mary adorned a small grotto at a central point in the monastery, the landslip, by a curious circumstance, stopping just short of this relic. The accident may have added to the sanctity of the spot, but the remaining half of the monastery, standing cheerless and rugged on the cliff's edge, brings uncomfortable reflections as the wind moans through the vaulted spaces of the building. However, a return to the delights of Castellamare soon refreshes the mind, as well as the body, since the *chef* of the hotel, a delightful Neapolitan creation, can cook, and delights on every occasion to exhibit his undoubted skill, for the delectation of his patrons.

Copenhagen

At this season of the year, there is great charm in Denmark. Christmas is, perhaps, the most important festival of the year, and, together with the New Year, it is celebrated without any departure from tradition. The old-fashioned Christmas Day of English life, and the renewed jollification which attends New Year, are reproduced in Denmark in a style of its own. Oversea wanderers return to Denmark, and there is, in every family circle, as complete a reunion of its members as it is possible to bring about. Of course, the Christmas tree, the Yule log, and the exchange of little gifts is quite customary, the King himself setting an example by inviting all members of his family to a general family party, where a large Christmas tree is in evidence. This year King Christian spent Christmas with the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland at Gmanden, the Royal family gathering for their dinner at the palace of the Crown Prince. The weather has been far from cold, and snow has been conspicuous by its absence. Colder weather is anticipated for the New Year, by which time, too, King Christian will have returned to Copenhagen.

Golf at Homburg

Golfers who visit Homburg will find abundant facilities provided by the municipal authorities for enabling them to indulge in their favourite pastime. A considerable portion of the beautiful Curpark has been set aside for their exclusive benefit, and the course, if not quite up to home standards, is, nevertheless, a very fair one. Adjoining the links is a well-appointed and commodious club-house for members and their friends. Between four and five in the afternoon—in the summer months, at any rate—the scene on the lawn in front of this is a most animated one, for it has come to be considered the "smart" thing in Homburg society to have tea at the small tables which are dotted about here, and listen to the band which discourses sweet music under the trees. The Homburg Golf Club was founded by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge some ten years ago, and is now in a most flourishing condition. Its affairs are administered by a committee, of which Major-General Duff is the honorary secretary. A Scotch professional is provided, as are also plenty of "caddies." The ranks of these latter are recruited from among the youth of the town. As their acquaintance with English is usually of a most elementary description the attempts they make to master the technicalities of the game are often of

The Golf Links at Homburg—The Club House

an exceedingly amusing nature. Arrangements are in force which provide for admission to the privileges of the club, as temporary members, of visitors passing through Homburg. A fee is, of course, charged for the accommodation, but it is quite a small one.

A French Coolgardie?

From the north of France comes news of a recently discovered goldfield, which, if report speaks true, is of considerable area. Borings in the Coudray district of the department of Mayenne, in Normandy, have convinced the mining experts of the presence of gold-bearing reefs, and they have expressed an opinion that the precious metal has been found in sufficient quantity to make the mine a possible rival to the great Australian workings. It is certainly in a more accessible position, for the town of Laval, near to which the discovery was made, is within easy reach of Paris, and is connected with it by the railway. The town itself is of considerable antiquity, and the tower shown in our illustration was at one time besieged by British troops.

Laval—the Seat of the Recent Gold Discoveries

(The Castle of Laval shown in the picture dates from the 12th Century)

A Rival to Davos

In the Rhone valley, above Aigle, lies—or rather, is perched—Leysin, the "new" consumptive resort, and rival of Davos. Leysin has two advantages over Davos. It is more easily reached, and the "cure" is a more serious matter. Leysin, like Davos, has made its reputation solely by the wonderful power of its pure air for giving back strength to weak lungs; with this difference between the two resorts, that at Leysin only curable cases are accepted, the treatment being preventive. The hotels, which overlook the village, are surrounded by enormous balconies or verandahs, and here the "lungers" sit or lie through the coldest days, well wrapped in thick furs, drinking in the pure, intoxicating air, and receiving every ray of sunshine. Many have come there with a tendency to the terrible disease and gone away healed and happy. Protected from the *bise* by the Dent du Midi, and commanding a wonderful view over the Rhone Valley, Leysin is an ideal winter resort for health and pleasure seekers.

Hauling Ice-Blocks out of the Lake at Davos

Toboggan Fixtures

The following is the list of the principal toboggan races fixed for this season at Davos:—Thursday, January 7, Symond's Cup and Freeman Trophy; Friday, January 8, Symond's Shield and Ladies' Bowl; Wednesday, January 13, Manchester Bowl; Monday, January 25, Tuesday, January 26, Guthrie Cup; Thursday, January 28, Coupe de France.

NOTE.—*The Editor is always pleased to receive topical photographs and notes of events and occurrences on the Continent other than purely social gatherings. Sporting matters are specially acceptable. Liberal payment is made immediately after publication of all accepted contributions.*

"At the Sign of the Times"

A Statement Concerning the Record Increase

A very serious statement was made a few days ago in one of the great London dailies. It occurred in the course of a brief and, one might almost say solemn, review of the American "Who's Who" which is, I am given to understand, a Directory of notable American men and women of the day. The statement was to this effect—"Four thousand names have been added to this Directory since the last edition." If the London paper were disposed to be sensational, which it is not (except in the matter of engagements which have been arranged and marriages which will shortly take place), I should have passed this by as mere catchpenny news. As it is, the statement has caused me, as it must have caused most thinking men, a good deal of heart-searching.

Of Famous Men and Women in America

For it means, I take it, that, statistically speaking, the unprejudiced authors of this Directory have come to the conclusion that, in a few years at the outside, not more than ninety-nine men out of a hundred in the United States will be unknown to fame. Every hundredth man will be notable, his name a household word, his statue in course of erection, his favourite recreations the rage, his birthplace the Mecca of his fellow-countrymen, his head deprived of its last lock by his admiring fellow-countrywomen. Thoughtless men may say, "What does it matter if there are a few more bald and famous men in America? What harm can they do? Why should they not increase as rapidly as possible?" I will endeavour to answer these questions.

Indicates (if True)

Every student of history, then, is aware that the strength of a nation depends upon the bulk of its citizens being unknown. It is not the Hampdens that confirm a country's polity, but the Hampdens innumerable; it is not the Miltons who compose its poetry, but the countless mute, inglorious Miltons who write (if at all) for the poet's corner of the local journal. This is everywhere recognised. "Give me ten Roosevelts," says the American orator, "and there will not be a curl left in the Constitootion." "Rather another Moskowa," says the French journalist, "than another M. Pelletan." They mean the same thing, namely, that genius is only tolerable by reason of its rarity.

A Serious Menace

We may realise the truth of this, as applied to our own country, by picturing for a moment ten—or, not to strain hypothesis—two Mr. J. Chamberlains. Let one be the Mr. J. Chamberlain of 1880, let the other be the Mr. J. Chamberlain of 1904; let both be alive at the present hour. What would be the result? We need not consider the possibility of there being two Mr. Austen Chamberlains, each conscious that the finances of his country were in peril unless he—and not the other Austen—were Chancellor of the Exchequer; we need not consider the likelihood of there being two Birminghams, and more than one Mr. Jesse Collings; all that we need ask ourselves is, What would be the state of Tariff Reform at this moment, and how many bankers and pig-iron importers and candlestick makers would there be left to sit upon the rival Tariff Commissions? To which Mr. Chamberlain would Mr. Balfour incline his ear?

To the World's Peace

But, on the same hypothesis, there would be two Mr. Balfours, one full of philosophic doubt, the other full of illogical certainty—*Arcades ambo*, both golf-players; and there would be, if we cared to imagine so much of famous talent, several Mr. Churchills, Dukes of Devonshire, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannermans, Mr. Trees, and Mr. Steads. I select at hazard among famous men, only insisting that, whoever we choose to imagine duplicated, the Empire would be be-Stead indeed, that, in short, genius cannot be multiplied with impunity. Still, as it may be argued, we have made one error in our supposition. Nature never repeats herself; that is to say, though we may imagine a plethora of genius, we cannot imagine more than one Mr. Chamberlain, one Duke of Devonshire, one Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. The rest of the imaginary famous men would distribute themselves in diverse guises among the community.

Nothing Being More Dangerous

None the less, as it seems to me, a country of famous men must tend to lose ground. Famous men—and women—cannot, and will not, rest upon their laurels. They must always be up and doing something unusual and sublime—smashing saloon-bars or erecting public libraries, writing tragedies, like Shakespeare, or suffering them, like Miss Marie Corelli—endeavouring, in one way or another, to "leave behind them," as the American poet elegantly expressed it, "footprints on the sands of time." Hitherto, we have supposed such an ambition to be harmless enough, just as we have hitherto supposed Free Trade to be harmless enough. The time has come to reconsider it. We have been too lenient with our famous men. We have encouraged them when we ought to have put them down. Why should they be allowed to subsidise our Universities, to reform our War Office, to build yachts representative of our country? What right have they to leave us parks, museums, scholarships and colonies? But I am getting on too fast.

Than a Plethora of Famous Men

Famous men have their uses, no doubt. A few of them in a country are not only harmless, but positively beneficial; nor need we hesitate to accept their portraits for inclusion

in the National Gallery. It is only when we are threatened with a deluge of famous men, such as America (according to "Who's Who)" is threatened with, that we need take thought for their suppression. That menace is not yet directed against these shores. There is no sign of famous men being gathered together in such quantities as to cause us any fear. Even in Parliament there is little to alarm us. Liberals have pointed out to me the exceptions to the rule of famous M.P's on the Government Benches; Conservatives have hinted at undistinguished men on the other side of the House. The Lords are not what they were. Indeed, the only complete collection of famous people that I know of is at Madame Tussaud's, and it covers centuries.

But Perhaps the Rapid Increase is Exaggerated

No, we need not be afraid, at all events, until America begins to dump upon us her superfluous notabilities; by that time we may have an Alien Immigration Act, and an army strong enough to defend our shores against invasion I think we should fight to the last man against the peril of being swamped by notable persons. . . . It has been suggested to me, since the above notes were written, that I had made a mistake in taking this matter so seriously; that, as a matter of fact, the statement that "four thousand names have been added to this Directory since the last edition" only means that four thousand subscribers have been added to this Directory. If this be so, as I trust it is, I withdraw what I have said. I ought to have called to mind that epigram (the immortal Talleyrand's, is it not?) which says, "Some men are born famous; some become so; others appear in the pages of 'Who's Who.'"

MINIMUS.

Changes at Trafalgar Square

Great changes are in progress in Trafalgar-square and its neighbourhood, owing to the construction of a new St. James's thoroughfare from the Square to the Mall.

The most notable removal in connection with the changes will be the famous and beautiful statue of Charles I., which has stood in its present position for 225 years. Few works of art have such a romantic history as this statue. It was cast in 1633, by Le Sœur, for the Earl of Arundel, but before it could be erected it was seized by Cromwell's Parliament and ordered to be sold and broken up, It was bought by John Rivers, a brazier, who carefully concealed it, while he drove a thriving trade in spurious bronze relics supposed to have been cast from its remains. At the Restoration Rivers brought the statue from its hiding-place and returned it uninjured to the government, who erected it, where it now stands, at Charing Cross, in 1678.

The fine pedestal of the statue is the work of the famous sculptor, Grinling Gibbons.

Photo by *Shield*

London "Improvements"—The Famous Statue of Charles I., Which is About to Be Removed

CONCERNING

THE MEMBER FOR SOUTH ABERDEEN

Forty years ago the learned men who happened to be examining the essays of candidates for the Arnold Historical Prize, at Oxford were electrified by the treatise of a beardless boy at Trinity, a scholar of the college who had just taken his degree with a double first, and several other university distinctions. His essay won the prize, and its publication, shortly afterwards, as the first of many editions of "The Holy Roman Empire," was the first introduction to the public of the Right Honourable James Bryce, P.C., F.R.S., etc., etc., a man who can put more letters of the alphabet after his name, perhaps, than any other living statesman, and is now resting upon a record of sound political work surpassed by very few public men.

This monument of historical labour, which was the forerunner of several of the most important political and sociological works of our time, is a text-book still. The Germans, full of the early vigour of awakened nationality, translated it in 1873. This was, of course, a considerable time before Mr. Bryce announced, in a lecture delivered in New York, his conclusion that the pride of intellect had disappeared from Germany. He had a right to his opinion, for he had studied in Heidelberg for some time, at the end of his Oxford career. Italy translated the book in 1886, and France (overcoming her reluctance to see anything in what German scholars praised) in 1889. This is by no means a bad record for a book put together by a youth of twenty-four.

The international success of his Arnold essay, together with his subsequent fame as a political writer and a jurist, have won for Mr. Bryce, at different times, his corresponding membership of the Institute of France and of the Societa Romana di Storia Patria, his foreign membership of the Royal Academies of Brussels and of Turin, and his doctor's degree, *honoris causa*, at the Universities of Michigan, Buda Pesth, and Toronto. At home he has been honoured similarly by Cambridge, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Victoria Universities. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society, an honorary Fellow of Trinity and Oriel at Oxford, and a member of the Senate of the London University.

We approach the end of his academic distinctions when we say that in taking his D. C. L. degree at Oxford, in 1870, he became Regius Professor of Civil Law in that University, and held the post until his resignation, twenty-three years after. He was "called" at Lincoln's Inn in 1867, and practised for some years.

Before he entered political life, he had enriched the literature of his profession with a treatise on the law of trade marks, and drafted a report on the condition of education in Lancashire for the Schools Inquiry Commission of 1867. He had also published an important book of travel in Asiatic Russia.

By that book of travel hangs an interesting tale. In it he describes his ascent of what was practically a virgin peak, for no man had stood on its summit for some thousands of years, and Mr. Bryce's predecessor had reached its top by water. The mountain was Ararat: the predecessor, Noah. Mr. Bryce counts climbing and travelling, as well as angling, among his favourite pursuits, He has written on the highlands of Poland and Hungary, and on Iceland, among other geographical papers. He has been President of the Alpine Club, and shown high efficiency in maintaining concord among the turbulent and unruly band of men who form that famous association.

But the most important travels of Mr. Bryce have been his journeys to the United States and South Africa. His political study, in three large volumes, of "The American Commonwealth" is one of the most celebrated books in the English language. His "Impressions of South Africa" is among the very few really valuable works dealing with that distracted country. When we mention his "Two Centuries of Irish History" we have named the last of his major writings. His contributions to the periodicals on political, historical, and geographical matters have been very numerous.

As a politician Mr. Bryce has spent many laborious years in the service of his country. He first entered Parliament as a Liberal Member for the Tower Hamlets in 1880. In the course of the next year he sat on the Royal Commission on the Medical Acts. In 1885 he was returned for South Aberdeen, and his brilliant qualities were recognised by the offer of office from Mr. Gladstone, who made him Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in his Ministery of 1886. Mr. Bryce now became one of the leading supporters of Home Rule, and he maintains his opinions unchanged to-day. In the next Gladstonian Government he obtained Cabinet rank with the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster; and in 1894 he was advanced to the Presidency of the Board of Trade in succession to Mr. Mundella. In the same year he was Chairman of the Royal Commission on Secondary Education. Shortly afterwards his party fell from power, and the state has been deprived of Mr. Bryce's official services. He carried several Acts of great public utility, and was active in the furthering of a number of political and social improvements.

Mr. Bryce, who is Belfast born and Glasgow bred, possesses one of the most capacious and well-stored minds in political life, and it is united with a fine and amiable character. His views on the South African question, as most of us remember, were those of the minority. He is devoted at present to the interests of the Sultan's Christian subjects. He looks out on the world, in this later period of his life, with a somewhat chastened optimism. "History entitles us to believe," says he, "that, though depression and discouragements frequently overshadow its path, its general progress is upwards, that in each age it gains more than it loses, and retains most of what it has ever gained."

The Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P.

Show Roses

Mr. Edward Mawley, the very able secretary of the National Rose Society has published his annual analysis of the roses exhibited at the Metropolitan Show.

Since 1886, (he writes) the name of every rose in all the prize stands at the Metropolitan Exhibition of the National Rose Society has been taken down, and the results afterwards tabulated. The average number of blooms thus dealt with annually has been about 1,800. In the complete table for the whole eighteen years can be found the number of times any variety was staged at all or any of these eighteen exhibitions.

There are some interesting points to be noted in Mr. Mawley's table. One is the rapid rise in popularity of the hybrid teas over the hybrid perpetuals. Five years ago there were only nine hybrid teas on the analysis for both of these classes, while there are now double that number in a list of sixty-eight, and, out of the first ten they are as six to four.

New Introductions

Another interesting point is the popularity of new, and comparatively new, roses. The first exhibition of the National Rose Society was held in the year 1858, and, of all the prize roses in this year's show, only one was in existence at that date—General Jacqueminot, which had made its appearance only five years before. So that, of all the favourites of to-day, the eldest is just fifty years old. This table of Mr. Mawley's brings home to one irresistibly the fact of how modern a flower the rose, as we know and grow it now, is, in spite of its centuries of ancestry. For it is not only that the oldest rose to gain a prize last July has but attained middle age, but the greater part of to-day's favourites are not yet out of their teens. The rose most shown in 1902 and 1903 was Bessie Brown, a hybrid tea, introduced only four years ago. Mrs. John Laing, which takes second place, has reached the mature age of sixteen, but, out of the first twenty, only two were introduced in the prolific sixties, and two in the seventies, while five came in the eighties, nine in the nineties, and two in 1900 and 1901 respectively.

Hesternæ Rosæ

Now, if an analysis could be made of the roses most grown to-day in gardens, as well as of those which make their way to the exhibition table, it

Photo by *Reid*

A Typical Scotch Garden—Dougarie Lodge

Photo by *Reid*

Dougarie Lodge—Another Aspect of the Garden

Showing wild flowers

would almost certainly be found that the results, from the point of view of the extreme youth of the favourites, would be still more striking. If the growing of roses for exhibition dates back less than fifty years, the growing of these for what has come to be called garden "decoration" is very much more recent still. It is so short a time ago since ninety-nine gardens which contained roses at all had them on standards set in little round beds cut out of a lawn, that probably in nine out of ten that system is still the only one to be followed. The words of the wise old Dean, the patron saint of English rose-growers and rose exhibitions, would have seemed extravagant to our fathers. "There should be beds of roses, banks of roses, bowers of roses, hedges of roses, edgings of roses, pillars of roses, arches of roses, fountains of roses, baskets of roses, vistas and alleys of the rose." Yet these ideals are fast gaining ground. To-day, for every one of the difficult show roses "best in maiden plant," there must be ordered from the growers hundreds of Crimson Ramblers, Penzance Briers, and other varieties useless for the exhibition table

Accusations

This rise of a new ideal of rose growing has led to a curious controversy, in which neither side seems to be right and neither wrong. In recent writings Mr. Foster Melliar, author of "The Book of the Rose," holds a brief for the one side, and Mr. William Robinson, author of "The English Flower Garden," for the other. The opposing views are neatly put by Mr. Foster Melliar. Is it to be the rose for the garden, or the garden for the rose? He, at least, has no doubt about it. He does not even think the rose "pre-eminent as a decorative plant," and he writes: "So, with all the best roses, I should not wish for or expect any general display at a distance, but come close and be content if I can find but one perfect bloom." And, as a consequence, Mr. Foster Melliar's labours amongst his roses all converge to the exhilarating moment when he sees his flowers staged on the show bench. Mr. Robinson has no doubt about it either:

> Shows, (he writes) have had a bad effect on the rose in the garden, where it is many times more important than as a show flower. The whole aim of the man who shows roses, and who is too often followed as a leader, was to get a certain number of large flowers grown on the dog rose, *Manetti*, or any stock which enabled him to get this at the least cost; so, if we go to any rose-showing friend, we shall probably find his plants for show grown in the kitchen garden with a deep bed of manure on the surface of the beds, and as pretty as so many broomsticks.

And a Retort

Mr. Foster Melliar retorts rather plaintively that experts are generally credited with some knowledge of their subject, and in fact begs the question, which is not whether the rose expert knows "as much about the things necessary for the welfare of those plants as other people," but whether he is necessarily the best judge of the "decorative" use of roses. I think it is obvious that he is not, and cannot be, from the very fact that his ideal is not that of the garden made lovely by the rose, but the single bloom grown to perfection by whatever means are best suited to that end. But, after all, why should either enthusiast blame the other? Let each recognise that his opponent has a worthy end in view, although it is not his own, and the controversy melts into thin air.

Books to Order this Week

BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY

"Further Recollections of a Diplomatist." By Sir Horace Rumbold. (Arnold, 15*s.* net.)

"A Keystone of Empire." A volume professing to contain the inner history of the career of the Emperor Franz Josef, by the anonymous author of the life of the assassinated Empress of Austria, published under the title of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." (Harper, 7*s.* 6*d.*)

"Reminiscences of a Royal Academician." By the late J. C. Horsley, R.A. (Murray, 12*s.* net.)

TRAVEL

"Queer Things about Japan." By Douglas Sladen (reviewed below). (Treherne, 21*s.* net.)

FICTION

"Love the Fiddler." By Lloyd Osbourne. A collection of clever stories of American Society. (Heinemann, 6*s.*)

"A Forest Hearth." By Charles Major. (Macmillan, 6*s.*)

"Esarhaddon and other Tales." By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. Written and translated for the benefit of the Jews impoverished by riots in Kishineff and Gomel. (Grant Richards, 6*s.*)

When East Meets West

"Queer Things About Japan." By Douglas Sladen. (Treherne & Co. London: 1903.)

A few years ago the Japanese were an obscure race of picturesque Oriental barbarians, living under a feudal system as strict as that of the Middle Ages in Europe, and known to the West only as the manufacturers of dainty porcelain and flimsy furniture of bamboo, lacquer, and tissue paper.

To-day they have adopted, at least officially, the most advanced form of Western civilisation, with its democratic notions, have fitted themselves with a ready-made constitution with democratic tendencies, at any rate, in form, and are universally recognised as a Power.

Mr. Sladen's book is full of interest for those who wish to know how the great number of Japanese live and amuse themselves, and from it the reader will gather that one of the causes of the rise of Japan is the frugality of its people. This is one of the lessons continually taught by the world's history: that the peoples who from time to time come to the front and improve upon the civilisation of their predecessors are always distinguished by frugality. When the latter disappears in prosperity, they fall behind some younger and more frugal race, who have the advantage of starting where they left off.

With regard to the constitution which the Japanese have adopted, it is interesting to note, in connection with recent events, the following remark, made by Mr. Sladen:—"The Cabinet consists of the leaders of the great clans . . . and the Diet is full of people who resent the domination of the clans. The clans have the best of it, because the Diet sits for so few months, while the Cabinet has a free hand for most of the year, and takes no more notice of want-of-confidence votes than flies." This disregard of the clans for the Diet is only natural when it is remembered that, only a short time ago, the members of the former were the feudal superiors of the members of the latter, and that feudalism must necessarily die hard among a people in whose lives etiquette plays so important a part. It is doubtless the shadow of the old feudal spirit which makes the Japanese so singularly law-abiding, especially as the police force is recruited from the old class of Samurai, or retainers of the feudal lords, whom the abolition of feudalism threw out of employment. The Samurai were particularly affected by the change of constitution; trade for them was out of the question, for the trader ranks lowest in the Japanese social scale; almost the only pursuit open to them, besides that mentioned above, was employment as domestic servants — more particularly in hotels—or compositors. The latter seems a strange resource, till it is remembered that the Samurai were the chief literary class, and that it is no light task to learn the enormous number of ideographs employed in Japanese literature. In connection with literature the author gives an interesting account of his negotiations with a native publisher with regard to a book he wished to produce; and this, again, recalls an institution which the European press might do well to copy, viz., that of a "prison editor," who only draws his salary when serving his time for libel or other offences incurred by the journal to which he lends his name.

As a servant the Japanese is invaluable, provided he is let alone, in so far as he thinks for himself and tries to anticipate his employer's wants and wishes; but he likes to do things his own way, and consequently the more he is supervised, the less satisfactory is his work. This, of course, applies to the Japanese as the domestic servant of a European; in the Japanese home the wives of the sons or younger brothers do the housework; this, in fact, is their chief *raison d'être*, and one of the reasons why the Japanese marry is to provide servants for their mothers. But Europeanisation is changing this, and the Japanese, together with Western attire, puts on Western manners as regards women-folk in general.

There is an interesting chapter on Will Adams, the Kentish seaman, who was forced to put into Japan in the year 1600, and who ultimately became the founder

of the Japanese Navy, and as such was deified at his death. It is pleasant to remember that our Allies owe their first steps in nautical education to the Englishman, who, as the native essayist remarks, "works with a very powerful hands and the long legs and even the eminenced mind," whose "chin is as as strong as decerved iron," and who is "occupied of the largest and greatest dominion which can rarely be."

The book is full of interesting observation and anecdotes concerning the house life of the Japanese, and also their street life; their numerous amusements, from theatrical entertainments, now limited by act of parliament to nine hours' duration, to tea-gardens and concerts of Geisha. The description of certain of the better known temples and flower-gardens is also interesting, and the author well brings out that love of the beautiful, particularly where floriculture is concerned, which is so characteristic of the nation.

There is plenty of humour, in fact, the reader may think too much, or, at any rate, of too flippant a character. It is a pity that the author has assumed the attitude rather of a showman dealing with some peculiar and interesting animal, than of a sincere and sympathetic admirer; certainly the apology in the preface, which is repeated later in the book, does not come amiss. One other little point may be mentioned; there is a tendency throughout the book to repeat, even more than once, certain anecdotes or items of information almost in the same words, which is occasionally a trifle wearisome to the reader. But if it has slight defects, the book possesses undoubtedly great merits; and of the latter, not the least are connected with the illustrations, which are by Japanese artists, and considerably enhance the interest of the text.

T. A. J.

Books to Expect Shortly

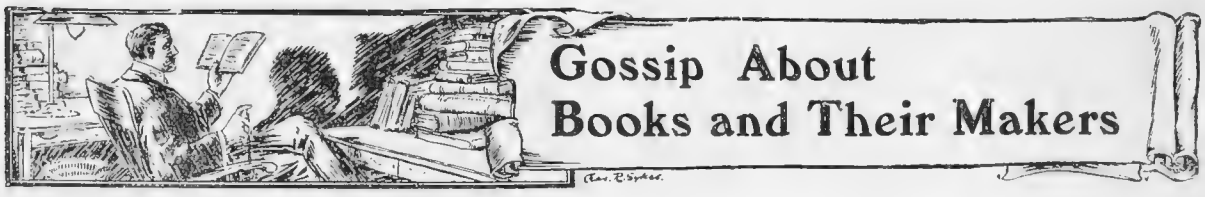
The first important book of reminiscences to be published this year will be Brigadier-General Sir James Willcock's narrative of his twenty-four years of soldiering and sport, "From Kabul to Kumassi." The author has something to say about at least seven campaigns—especially, of course, about the expedition which was hurriedly despatched under his command to the relief of Kumassi in 1900. His book gives the first full and authentic account of that brilliant little campaign, which, but for the bigger war in South Africa, would have attracted far more attention at the time than it did. The illustrations are by Lady Helen Graham.

An early novel that will probably be much talked about is Mr. Rider Haggard's "Stella Fregelius," a story of spiritualism and modern life. Its moral, we are told, is "that, although we may be, and probably are, surrounded by spirits, it is best, however much they are beloved, that we should not attempt to climb the dividing wall between them and us, but be satisfied to wait until, in due course, we become of their company." This is hardly in accordance with the new interest in spiritualism, which has so largely increased since the late Mr. Myers's book on "Human Personality" appeared last winter; and everybody is waiting for the publication of the letters which Sir Oliver Lodge is said to have received from the author of that remarkable work since his death. Coming through a man of Professor Lodge's scientific attainments, even the sceptic is curious to see what the promised publication will amount to.

The official record of the Coronation Durbar at Delhi will probably be published this month by Mr. Murray, by order of the Viceroy of India. The author is Mr. Stephen Wheeler, whose work, in addition to a full account of all the State functions held by Lord Curzon just a year ago, will include details of the Coronation celebrations in other parts of the Indian Empire, a description of the various states, provinces, and peoples, whose rulers and representatives were summoned to Delhi, and biographies of all the leading personages at the Durbar. Needless to say, it will be a sumptuous volume, elaborately illustrated.

Publishing is always very quiet for a time after the Christmas rush, but there are more novels than usual coming this month. Messrs. Methuen alone are publishing five—"The Yellow Diamond," by Adeline Sergeant, "Garnered," by Richard Marsh, "The American Prisoner," by Eden Phillpotts, which ran serially through the *Graphic*, and of which great things are expected in book form, "Abandoned," by W. Clark Russell, and "A Lost Estate," by Mary Mann. Messrs. Chatto and Windus's first novel will probably be Mr. David Christie Murray's "V.C.: A Chronicle of Castle Barnard and the Crimean War," and Messrs. Chapman and Hall have a new novel to come out shortly by Violet Hunt, entitled "The Celebrity at Home"—a study of literary Bohemian life written from a child's point of view. One of Mr. Fisher Unwin's January novels will be the last story written by the late Mr. Alexander, dealing with the contrast between the temperament of a lovely Irish girl, and those of the people among whom she comes to live at a busy English port. To a great extent the book is the outcome of Mrs. Alexander's own early experiences in this country—curiously enough, the only instance in which she drew upon her reminiscences of Irish life and character.

Although there is still no definite news of the first volume of our own Official History of the South African War, which Sir Frederick Maurice is editing for the War Office, it is announced that the German official account of the campaign will be ready within the next month or two. This is the narrative of the campaign from its commencement, in 1899, to the capture of Pretoria, compiled in the Military History Section of the German Headquarters Staff. It will be interesting to read the comments of the Kaiser's officers on the strategy and tactics of our Army at the front. The work has been translated by Colonel Waters, late Military Attaché at the British Embassy in Berlin.



Gossip About Books and Their Makers

Mr. Thomas Hardy's Next Book

Diverse stories about Mr. Thomas Hardy's intentions were current a little while ago. By one account he was to write no more novels, but to confine his future efforts to the production of poetry, in which, alas, his note of melancholy is tuned to even a lower key than he strikes in the least optimistic of his romances. This statement was promptly disputed, and we were asked to expect another fiction from the master hand at no distant date. Now, it seems, his next new work is to be a drama, and it will be published early this year. Mr. Hardy need scarcely warn us that it is not intended for the stage; "a drama of the Napoleonic Wars, in three parts, nineteen acts, and one hundred and thirty scenes," as it is described, would stagger a Henry Irving or a Beerbohm Tree. Obviously, "The Dynasts," as this new work is entitled, is "a drama for the closet"; but whether it is written in verse or prose one cannot say from the preliminary announcement. The subject is one in which the novelist has long been interested, and it is twenty years since he touched the fringe of it in "The Trumpet Major," for "Wessex" was fluttered a century ago by threats of a French invasion, and the Sir Thomas Hardy who was Nelson's flag-captain at Trafalgar, and, latterly, Governor of Greenwich Hospital, was a Dorset man. We may depend upon "The Dynasts" being a valuable addition to Napoleonic romance, though it is scarcely to be expected that the book will be as welcome to the general reader—that lord of the circulating libraries—as a new novel from the same pen. "A novel or nothing," is his—or, should we say, her?—motto.

Mr. Hardy's Characters

The story of Mr. Hardy's beginning as a novelist has often been told; but it is worth retelling. He had published three books, among them, "Under the Greenwood Tree," without creating any stir. But a lucky chance led Mr. Frederick Greenwood to read it—perhaps the "Greenwood" attracted him—and to commission Mr. Hardy to write a serial for the *Cornhill*, of which he was then editor. Thus "Far from the Madding Crowd" appeared in the magazine, and the reputation of its author was established. Mr. Hardy is our greatest rural epic poet, and he is proud of the unconscious testimony to his art paid by a "Wessex" farmer who had attended a series of expository readings from Mr. Hardy's novels, conducted by an enterprising curate in a Dorsetshire parish. "I be very pleased to second the vote of thanks to our curate," said this son of soil, "for his kindness in readin' to us and tellin' us all about Muster Hardy; but we don't want to hear that, it's all about we; we knows all that." I have seen it stated that, though Mr. Hardy's characters are all so lifelike, none are actually "taken from life." This, of course, is absurd; for it is pretty well known that Bathsheba Everdene, in "Tess," was drawn from his aunt, with whom he lived as a boy; and he himself used to write letters for the dairymaids to send to their sweethearts, just as he describes in his romance. Mr. Clare, in the same story, is a wonderfully true and sympathetic portrait of that fine old clergyman, the Rev. H. Moule, vicar of Fordington, and father of the Bishop of Durham. Mr. Hardy has some curious habits. He begins to work immediately after breakfast, and objects to go out of doors until he has completed his day's task. If he is forced to break off in the forenoon he cannot resume his writing until the evening. He is also reputed to wear never less than two waistcoats at once, and in this weather probably four!

The Sword and the Pen

The fact that Lord Wolseley's autobiography, "The Story of a Soldier's Life," has already gone into a second edition may be taken as encouragement to the ex-Commander-in-Chief to proceed with the remainder of his story. I, for one, am far more interested in that part of his life

Photo by *Russell*

Mr. Thomas Hardy,
Whose new work "The Dynasts," a drama "in nineteen acts" is shortly to appear

subsequent to the point reached in these two big volumes, and confess that I have been greatly disappointed by a perusal of them. Of course, Lord Wolseley is no new hand with the pen; his "life" of Marlborough, written ten years ago, is admittedly the best biography of that splendid soldier, and, like Lord Rosebery, he has endeavoured to interpret for us a phase of the Man of Destiny in his "Decline and Fall of Napoleon," published nine years ago. It is noteworthy that many of our great soldiers have also excelled as authors. Lord Roberts has given a good account of himself with "Forty-one Years in India," while Sir Evelyn Wood has written several excellent works on military subjects, particularly "The Crimea in 1854-94." Major-General Sir Ian Hamilton was well known as an author before he came to the front as an intrepid fighter, and he had even ventured upon the slippery slopes of Parnassus with "A Ballad of Hadji," but Major-General Baden-Powell is perhaps the most prolific of the younger generation of soldier-authors.

Butler, Grant, and Mayne Reid

Many of us who are still considered young can recall the delight with which we read in boyhood such splendid romances as "The Great Lone Land" and "Red Cloud, the Solitary Sioux," and it seems a pity that their author no longer entertains the youth of the land by writing new stories for them. I refer, of course, to Major-General Sir William Francis Butler, whose wife is the painter of that world-famous picture, "The Roll Call." Among soldier-novelists of the past, perhaps, the two most notable names are those of James Grant and Captain Mayne Reid. Grant, who was a Scotsman, had a very short experience of military life, and retired when only an ensign to devote himself to literature, making his reputation at once with that admirable work, "The Romance of War." Mayne Reid's experience of war was gained with the United States Army in Mexico; his "Rifle Rangers" is one of the most stirring military stories ever written. Like Sir William Butler, Reid was an Irishman.

"Mightier Than the Sword"

The late Archibald Forbes was, perhaps, the ideal type of the fighting author, and, although he saw more wars than almost any soldier of his time, his actual military service in the Dragoons was very brief. The late Captain Cairns, who quickly made a reputation as a writer during the Boer War, would probably have achieved some notable work if he had been spared; and Mr. Winston Churchill owes his success largely to a masterly determination and decision in throwing up his commission when it interfered with his authorship ambitions. Captain A. H. Mahan, who has achieved a European and American reputation as a writer on "The Influence of Sea Power," would, in all likelihood, never have been heard of but for his ability with the pen. He was a captain in the United States Navy, and served throughout the American Civil War. In most of these cases the pen has certainly been mightier than the sword.

Photo by *Russell*

Mrs. M. L. Molesworth
The favourite author of the little folks

The Children's Author

It is a far cry from men of the pen and sword to the writers of books for children; but Mrs. M. L. Molesworth has an intimate connection with the former, as her grandfather was a fine old Scots soldier, Major-General Stewart, of Strath, and her late husband was a major in the Royal Dragoons. Of recent years her pen has not been so busy as formerly; but her books, unlike those of most writers for the young, are not mere things of one season. Indeed, Mrs. Molesworth stands alone as the reigning favourite in Little Folk's Land, and such charming stories as "Carrots," "Cuckoo Clock," and "Her Baby," seem to enjoy a perennial popularity. One may safely say that, in the recent rush for Christmas presents, every bookseller in the country was asked for "something by Mrs. Molesworth." But she is essentially the girl's author; boys will have none of your feminine writers! It is a curious and little-understood craft, this, of entertaining the young folk; and nothing surprises one more than the enormous amount of trash which is published every year under the belief that children will like it. Some authors are quite popular whose works I do not think any healthy child can care for. The reason of the popularity is that "parents and guardians" think their books likely to please the youngsters, and the latter have to grin and accept them. Many would-be writers for the young set out with the idea that children are, mentally, imbeciles, and produce stories eminently suitable for Colney Hatch. The fact is, that the little ones have not to be "written down to," but to be regarded as sentient beings, capable of reasoning, and mightily

insistent on having a story in which the characters "do things." Mrs. Molesworth succeeded by being entirely natural, and her earlier published stories had first of all delighted her own children. She has also written many excellent novels for adult readers; but as she has never been a professional author, in the sense of living by her pen, and of late years her health has been somewhat indifferent, her further ventures in both departments of literature are likely to be unhappily few.

Photo by **Mr. F. Frankfort Moore** *Ryan*
On his motor tricycle

"Pet Marjorie"

Talking of children and books, I have just been reading with interest "The Story of Pet Marjorie" (Simpkin & Co.), by Mr. L. Macbean. I suppose that most of my readers are familiar with the few but precious writings of Dr. John Brown, author of "Rab and his Friends." To all such, his exquisite essay on the life of that "wonderfu' wean," Margaret Fleming, must be well-known; it is worthy to rank with the immortal story of "Rab." This little child, who died in 1811, at the age of eight years and eleven months, has a unique place in the literary history of last century. I should have rejoiced to see her scorn of such silly productions as "Professor Philanderpan," and many other similar books of this season, supposed to be suitable for the nursery. For, despite her remarkable literary gifts, little Marjorie was a wholesome, human child. At the time when Sir Walter Scott was already the most famous author of his day,

he came to know this little girl, and said of her, "She is the most extraordinary creature I ever met with, and her repeating of Shakespeare overpowers me as nothing else does." The great novelist would carry her in his plaid from her father's house over to his own fireside in Edinburgh, and spend hours in her company. To have been the friend of Scott were better than to have one's name blazoned on the Arc de Triomphe.

A Literary Prodigy

But, apart from this, Marjorie's own productions are sufficient to keep her memory green so long as love of little children endures. She read many of the masterpieces of English and Scots literature at an age when most children have not begun to learn their A B C, and almost as soon as she could hold a pen she began to write and express herself in the most original and amusing manner. In her very first letter she says: "There are a great number of girls in the square, and they cry just like a pig when we are under the painful necessity of putting it to death." Her real *magnum opus* was a rhymed "Life of Mary Queen of Scots," which displays a wonderful knowledge of history and character, no less than a delightful inability to spell and punctuate Marjorie died of the measles and was in no sense neurotic, but a healthy, happy bairn, child-like, even in the exercise of her unusual literary endowments. A few days before the end, when it was thought she had recovered, she wrote, "with great rapidity," this metrical letter to a cousin:

Oh! Isa, pain did visit me,
I was at the last extremity;
How often did I think of you,
I wished your graceful form to view,
To clasp you in my weak embrace.
Indeed, I thought I'd run my race.
Good care, I'm sure, was of me taken,
But still, indeed, I was much shaken.
At last I daily strength did gain,
And oh! at last away went pain.
At length the doctor thought I might
Stay in the parlor all the night.
I now continue so to do,
Farewell to Nancy and to you.

Marjorie is duly included in the "Dictionary of National Biography," and much has been written about her, but the present little book has some items that are new, though I cannot recommend its general "get-up" or the arrangement of its contents. Still, I shall find room for it on my shelves.

A Scoto-Spanish Hildago

Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham is one of the most picturesque personalities in the literary world to-day, and a man of original gifts to boot. I am glad to welcome his latest work, "Hernando de Soto," in which he tells, with all that unusual power of graphic narrative and vivid description he possesses, the enthralling story of the famous Spanish soldier who was with Pizarro in the conquest of Peru, and himself led the luckless expedition through Florida, hunting for treasures which proved elusive. Seven years ago I read with immense pleasure a book by Mr. Dominick Daly, barrister at-law, and formerly editor of the *Birmingham Gazette*, which purported to be the adventures of a certain Roger L'Estrange, "sometime captain in the Florida army of his Excellency the Marquis Hernando de Soto." The book contained an extremely interesting account of De Soto's ill-starred expedition, together with an elaborate route map; but I confess I am still in doubt as to whether it was a work of fiction or fact. I accepted it as the latter; but many critics treated the book as pure romance. Mr. Cunninghame Graham's life of the great *conquistador* has no such ambiguity, and one may fairly say that there is not another English writer so qualified as he to deal with this fascinating subject. A Scot by birth, he seems to have taken on a lasting touch of Spanish character by his marriage, more than a quarter of a century ago, with the daughter of Don Francisco José de la Balmondière, a Spanish lady of many accomplishments. Much of his life has been spent in South America, and the atmosphere of the pampas has never been rendered with more realistic effect than in his book of stories "The Ipané," published four years ago. Mrs. Cunninghame Graham, by the way, has tried her hand at playwriting.

Literary Motorists

The popularity of the motor with literary men is not quite so great as among their fellows of the stage. But the new form of locomotion has its devotees in the world of letters. Mr. Kipling is one of them, and perhaps Mr. Max Pemberton is the most enthusiastic; he was certainly one of the first to take to the hobby. Mr. Frankfort Moore is also an enthusiast, though his silvery hair reminds us that he is not so young a sportsman as the others mentioned. He is our master of sparkling epigram; that is, the bright, popular epigram, rather than the brilliant, philosophic aphorism from the pilgrim's scrip of the only George Meredith. And one of his unwritten *bon mots* is: "The speed of the motor-car depends upon the proximity of the policeman." Our photograph of the popular novelist shows him with his motor-tricycle. All his life he has had the Irishman's passion for travelling; in his early days of journalism he wandered widely in Africa and India, and I think I remember his telling me that he had been in every part of the world except Australia. Few of our successful novelists had to wait so long for recognition; he had produced a great many books, beginning with a volume of verse, and writing regularly for young as well as old, before his admirably dramatic novel, "I Forbid the Banns," secured to him a large and loyal audience. That was ten years ago, and he has added many highly successful books to his tale of work since then. For my part, I think he has done nothing better than "The Jessamy Bride," and though I read his latest travel story, "Shipmates in Sunshine," with much interest, I am looking forward with more eagerness to his next book, which is to be another romance of the eighteenth century, a field wherein he is unexcelled. Mr. Moore, who will be forty-nine in May next, was born in Limerick, and his late wife was a sister of Mr. Bram Stoker.

J. A. H.

IN TIMES OF DISTRESS

The Work of the Church Army . . Among the Outcasts Of London Streets

From time to time the middle and upper classes of Society are brought rudely into contact with a distressing picture of the lives led by their less prosperous fellow-creatures. These intermittent revelations occur in various ways. It may be a police-escorted procession of ragged, unkempt men through the streets of London, with flanking parties shaking collecting boxes in the faces of the passers-by, or a starvation case, the pitifulness of which serves as a text for an article on hard times in the newspapers; or, again, a visit of Royalty to the quarters of the poor. But, whether the public realise and understand the question or not, there is a little band of men and women who devote their lives to alleviating the hard lot of the poor. Spasmodic charity is of little avail. It needs scientific training and the service of a lifetime before headway can be made against the swelling tide of misery and suffering, due to the shifting balance between work and workers. When the balance is adjusted and there is work for all, we shall have reached that desirable period in the world's history—the millenium.

The Church Army Thames Embankment Home
Presented and largely supported by readers of the "Morning Post"

One of London's "Submerged," After Many Nights "Sleeping Out," Applies for Shelter and Food

Then the statistics of lunacy, distress, and crime will lose their terrors, for one of the chief factors, insufficient employment, will have been removed.

One of the pioneers of the organised work for the poor is the Reverend W. Carlile, founder of the Church Army. He represents the best type of practical Christian; if it were more common, there would be more recognition and appreciation of the work of the Church among the lower classes. A lifetime spent not among the poor alone but among the real outcasts of society—the hooligans and gaol-birds against whom every man's hand is turned—has given him a wonderful grasp of, and insight into, both evil and remedy. There are many charities which, with the best intention in the world, touch but the fringe of the matter. Mr. Carlile goes deep down into the heart of it, and reaches a section, the members of which are not reclaimed to the paths of honesty and self-respect without the greatest difficulty. They are a difficult crew to deal with for any but one who is accustomed to their ways. The various homes, however, are conducted on the soundest principles, and the work-tests soon weed out the loafer. After a short stay in a home, the inmates, clothed in a neat, sound outfit, are able to prosecute their search for work with more hopes of success.

Serving Out Soup and Bread at Midnight in a Church Army Shelter

A Good Square Meal is Obtained at the Church Army Cheap Food Depots

Food and Shelter Can Be Obtained in Exchange for Work

The men, moreover, are paid for their work, so that when they leave the Homes they have a little money in hand

The conversion of the old police station at Bow-road into a labour home for the Church Army marks another step in the crusade against distress. The new premises will contain sleeping accommodation for thirty men, and, in addition, day work will be provided for a number of deserving unemployed during the winter.

It is of little use slinging texts at a hungry man. This principle is the very keynote of the policy adopted by successful workers among the poor. It is an experience to visit one of the centres of activity (such as the headquarters of the Church Army in the Edgware-road) during a hard winter. Preaching seems to be no part of the curriculum, or, if it is, is held over for more important considerations. Applicants are fed and warmed, their distressing stories of want and destitution are inscribed in a tabulated book with official brevity. This is the prelude to the real work of the evangelist that of finding employment, and, with employment, self-respect, for those who have lost, temporarily, their hold on both.

A pleasant feature of this work is the real and substantial interest taken in it by the King and Queen and the Royal Family. This is an asset for which the leaders of the movement are ever ready to acknowledge their debt of gratitude.

Queen Alexandra has shown again that the cause of her lowliest subjects is ever near her heart by a Christmas gift of £50 to the Church Army. Two thousand men, women, and youths were entertained this Christmas at the Society's Homes.

To-day the poor of Marylebone will be the guests of the Church Army at the Public Baths, and the Duchess of Fife will pay an informal visit to the festive board.

A Metamorphosis

The applicant in the first picture, after working in the Home and getting a new rig out, starts life again another man.

OUR SHORT STORY

A STROKE OF DIPLOMACY

By MARK KISSING

It has been a frequent subject of heated discussion in the chancellories of Europe as to what took place in reality in the matter of the reported marriage of the Crown Prince Charles. Some persons declare that he did, indeed, contract a marriage with a lady of plebeian birth, while others (usually well informed) emphatically state that the whole story is a myth, and was invented for political purposes. It chances that I am in a position to give the actual facts, and, since the political conditions have been changed subsequently, my version, though of undoubted interest in political circles, will not embarrass any moves in the intricate game of diplomacy.

Accredited for many years to the Court of Umbria, I have enjoyed the friendship of His Majesty the Emperor Augustus, and have had exceptional opportunities of observation, especially since it often pleased him to seek my advice on matters concerning the welfare of the polyglot races embraced under his wise rule. "My dear Wolfram," he was good enough to say on more than one occasion, "you have a more level head than the whole of my Cabinet put together! I envy your masters!"

But excuse an old man's garrulity! To resume: there was the persistent rumour in Court circles which no amount of official denials could kill, to the effect that the Crown Prince had contracted this morganatic marriage. The story was wrapped in mystery, though it was also declared that the lady was an operatic singer of English birth whose acquaintance Charles had made on the Riviera, which he was frequently in the habit of visiting incognito. The Crown Prince, I may mention, had a very English appearance, was devoted to English sports, and spoke our language without the slightest suspicion of an accent. The Emperor was, you may be sure, intensely annoyed at these stories concerning his son, for the reason that, at the moment, he was engaged in very delicate negotiations to arrange an alliance between the latter and the Princess Royal of Struria, by which he hoped ultimately to unite the two nations under one crown. He had set his heart on achieving this end, which would have been a great triumph and settled, once and for all, the perpetual small feuds between the two countries. He had been industriously cultivating public opinion in Struria, and had succeeded so well that there is little doubt his move was destined to have entire success when the rumour already stated began to have vogue. Struria is a proud country, and the idea of marrying their young princess to a man already morganatically married to an opera singer was repugnant to them. The only way to win them back was for the Crown Prince himself to return and deny the truth of the story. He had disappeared! None knew his whereabouts! In Court circles this was naturally denied, and it was stated that he was travelling incognito on a secret mission; but the story was ridiculed, and in the Socialist and Radical press in both countries some very pungent remarks on the matter were uttered, which, since the law of *lèse majesté* is not enforced in His Majesty's dominions, were neither discreet nor in good taste.

My apartments were situated at the Kaiserhof, where I had a suite of rooms, preferring them to the somewhat gloomy and damp surroundings at the Embassy; and I was sitting over the fire—for it was a bitterly cold night—reflecting much, as I have written. It was late, but now and again the voices of revellers reached me as they returned noisily homewards, having, no doubt, loyally celebrated His Majesty's birthday. My thoughts recurred to the *levée* held earlier in the evening, where I had been quick to observe that under the requisite mask of gaiety—for the Emperor always had a joke or a ready word on his lips for all—hung the heaviness of anxiety and weariness. His words to me . . .

II

I opened my eyes with a start to find a woman bending over me. For an instant I thought I must still be dozing, but as my senses returned I discovered it was indeed no fancy. She was quite a young woman, of great beauty, and there was a half-amused, half-anxious expression in her big dark eyes. A cloak had been thrown over her evening toilette with the hood pulled over her hair. I rose awkwardly, fumbling for my pince-nez, and looked questioningly at her. A visitor, and she a young and beautiful stranger, at this hour, was indeed unusual and surprising.

She seemed to read my thoughts: "I know this intrusion will seem peculiar," she said, "but the circumstances are more peculiar still. Both as a compatriot and because you are the Ambassador I have come to claim your assistance."

"Had you not better take a chair, madam?" I said, supposing it was some small matter—trouble over a passport as likely as not.

"Thank you. It is out of the question. It is necessary for me to go out immediately. Every moment is of the most vital importance." She glanced round the room as she spoke, and her eyes fell upon my hat and coat which I had lain aside on my return. Her manner was commanding, if not peremptory, as she said, "May I help you on with

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your overcoat?" It left no possibility of doubt but that I was her humble servant.

"It is a most unusual hour for a lady to want to go out," I suggested hesitatingly.

"Yes," she returned with composure, "it is. It is also unusual for a young woman, an entire stranger, to force herself into the Ambassador's apartments and insist upon his escort. But, as I have said, the circumstances are peculiar, and if Sir Thomas Wolfram were acquainted with them he would be as little anxious to waste time as I am!"

"Perhaps I may be allowed to form my own opinion, madam, if you will kindly give me the opportunity!"

"Not now!" she cried in dismay. "We have to walk—fast too—and as we proceed I will attempt to explain the business."

With this I was perforce compelled to remain content! I had a suspicion that there was some business brewing which, although only hinted at obscurely, might concern me diplomatically, and only those whose lines have been cast among affairs of state realise how important every little move is in the game, and that diplomats, more than other folks, have to be ready at all times for emergencies. So, slipping a revolver into my pocket, in order to be prepared for any possible *dénouement*, I indicated by a bow my readiness.

She led the way so hastily downstairs that I, being no longer so young as I was, had some difficulty in keeping up with her. Reaching the winter garden, she placed her finger warningly to her lips and passed through the open hotel door in the most unconcerned and leisurely manner possible, which the night *concierge* opened for us, no doubt inwardly wondering. To the latter she turned:

"You no doubt saw my husband going out a short while back?"

"Yes, madam."

"He went to the right?"

"Yes, madam, towards the Cathedral."

"Thank you—that is all." She turned to me. "We will go along that way, Sir Thomas, and are sure to meet him."

"Shall I call a *fiacre*, *Excellence*?" asked the *concierge*.

I looked at my fair companion: her manner was decisive.

"No, thank you. We are only going for a stroll."

No doubt the *concierge* could little understand why the British Ambassador and a young Englishwoman should select a cold and late hour of the evening for a constitutional, but on the Continent no philosopher attempts to reason out why English people do things which to him seem ludicrous. It is enough that they are English. So, possibly, as the *concierge* politely bowed us out, he wondered less than the individual who has the honour to address you now.

III

Directly we left the hotel precincts behind, my fair companion made no secret about changing her pace, while I kept up beside her only with difficulty. The road to the old city where the Cathedral lies is now a dark, ill-lighted, and deserted portion of Lemburg, notorious for being frequented by footpads and persons of ill-repute. I felt in my pocket to make sure that my revolver was safe, and sighed with relief to find such was the case. For some little distance we proceeded without speaking, but at length she looked at me with a smile.

"I am your eternal debtor, and the more so when I force you to make this effort."

I cannot say that I was enthusiastic about the mission I had undertaken; indeed, I was inclined to be irritable.

"Polite phrases are easily found!" I returned abruptly, "but the proof of the pudding is in the eating! Where are you going?"

"That," she replied, "is a question I am as little able to answer as yourself."

"What?" I gasped.

She repeated the words bravely.

"But surely you have some object in this midnight walk?"

"Ah, that is altogether another matter!" And then, with a little nervous laugh, added, "my husband is playing the truant!"

I stopped short.

"You may as well complete the sentence, madam," I observed frigidly.

"Indeed," said she, with a slight toss of the head, "there would seem to be no need, since you understand! But if you will have it, we are going to spy upon him. It is an art, I believe, that is carefully cultivated in Umbria!"

Ignoring the last remark, I turned to her.

"You speak in the plural, and your assurance does you credit," I exclaimed, "but you must excuse my declining to be involved in your matrimonial differences, even though you are an Englishwoman. I give you the alternative of returning instantly with me, or of leaving me, for I go this way," and I pointed in the direction whence we had come.

She heard me out quietly, and with a smile which, I will own, was somewhat disconcerting.

"If you return you will bitterly regret it," she said. It is not a case of matrimonial difference. As a matter of fact we have never had a difference, and I love my husband dearly!"

"Your methods of proving it are uncommon!" I said with a shrug. "Would he appreciate them, do you think?"

"You do not understand——"

"Pardon me, but you are begging the question."

"If I were begging the question, sir, it was for a very good reason. If you want a frank reply, my husband would probably prefer anybody—even you—to be following him to-night."

I was puzzled, and my features betrayed it.

"Even me, did you say?"

"Even you, Sir Thomas Wolfram!"

"You have me at an advantage, madam," I said, "for I have not the privilege to know your name."

"My name?" she laughed—a little unnaturally I thought. "It is not an unusual name! In fact I am Mrs. Smith, at your service!" And after a slight pause, added, "It is convenient, on occasions, to travel incognito!"

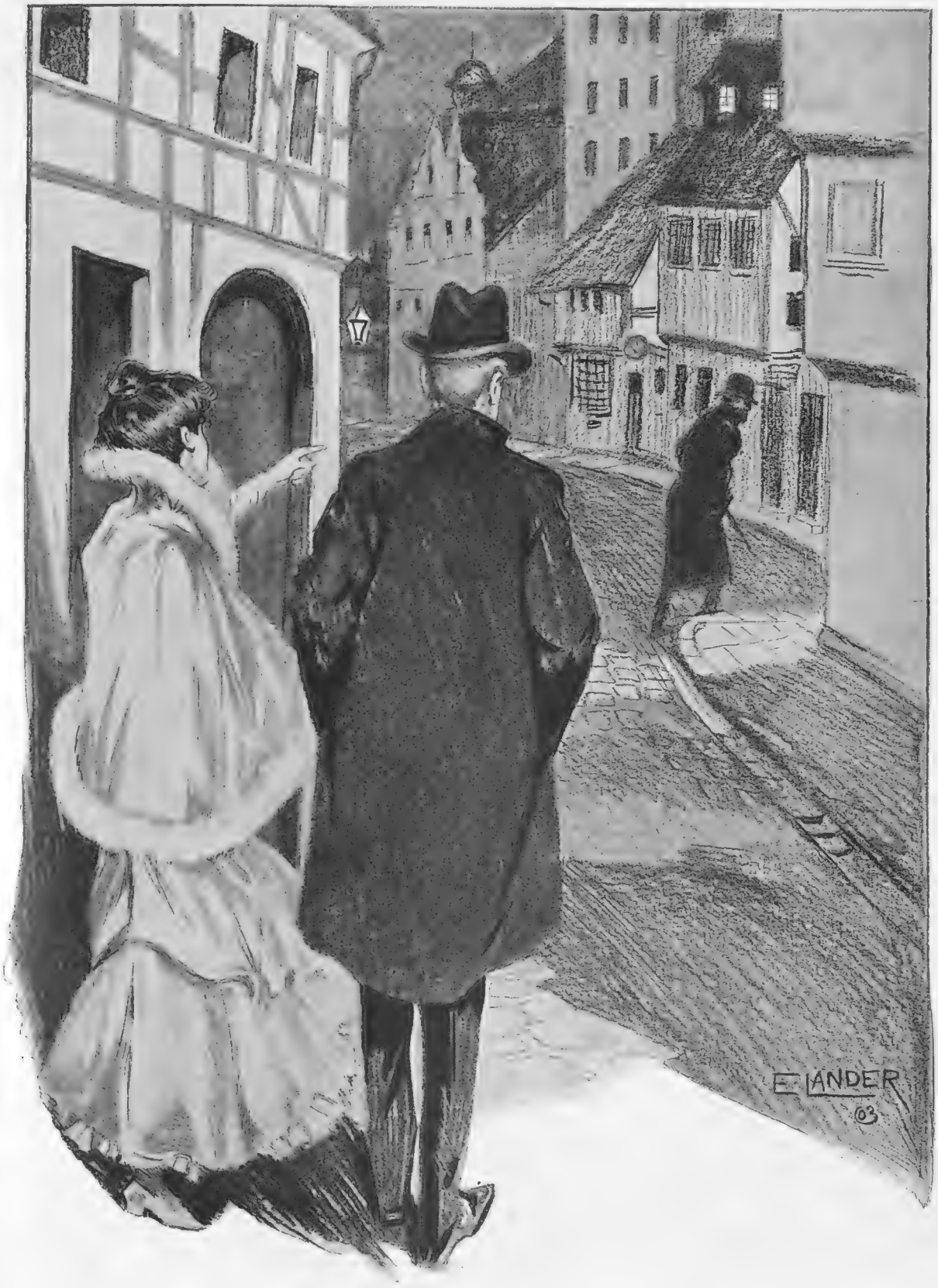
"Then your real name?" I gasped, as an inkling of what she was intending to convey dawned upon me.

"May or may not be Smith," she returned enigmatically. "On the hotel books there is no mistaking it, but perhaps I know, as little as yourself, whose wife I really am. Do you blame me for taking the opportunity when it arises?"

"What is your husband like?" I asked, in turn begging the question.

She glanced at me amusedly.

"He is dark, and grows a beard. He is not



Pointing . . . She exclaimed "Look, there he is!"

particularly sociable, and since our marriage neither mixes nor allows me to mix with people. We live in a sweet little *châlet* in Switzerland, and drove here in our motor car. There! I think I have painted our usual life to you. I might add we have been very happy, and I knew nothing of our destination till we arrived here in the motor."

"Oh," I said reflectively, "you said black hair and black beard?"

"There are such things as *coiffures*—and dyes!" she remarked tentatively.

"Ah! And also shops, displaying photographs of . . . celebrities," I said, drawing a bow at a venture.

She darted a quick glance at me, and was about to make a remark, when she suddenly caught hold of my arm, and pointing to some distance in front, exclaimed, "Look, there he is!"

IV.

Absorbed in my theory, we had been walking very much faster than would suit me under ordinary occasions; which proves what children of fancy we are. I usually labour under the impression that a man of my mature years should drive when he can and crawl when he cannot, yet because my imagination had been caught by what might prove to be a mere figment of the imagination, here was I covering the ground with all the exuberance of robust youth. By the waning light of the moon I now perceived, some way ahead, a tall man, the one solitary individual visible besides ourselves in this deserted quarter of the city; my imagination had been given such free rein that I seemed to recognise the figure. He was at the moment crossing the Cathedral Square with leisurely footsteps, and then presently reaching the other side disappeared under the covered archways which traverse the pavement on either side of the Rudolfstrasse. My companion gave a little cry of vexation.

"He has gone!" she exclaimed. "Oh, he must not escape us!"

Meantime, I had been busily reflecting. If my theory were correct, I was well acquainted with a garden abutting on the other side of that Cathedral Square where in past days a father and son had always met when in search of quiet; moreover, I possessed a key to the gardens. It was a bold plan, and—you will say, reader—a heartless one. But duty to one's country is the first consideration of your diplomatic representatives. Granted that strained relations exist between two great nations, that a government is being hectored by a strong minority, and it will be admitted that the smallest breeze will fan the flame. I knew, now, this woman was wildly in love with her husband, and my knowledge of the world is sufficient to have taught me that the crowning virtue of a woman's love is her intense desire to sacrifice herself. And I turned hot as I thought of the furore in the English Press if the truth were to be known. Diplomacy is one incessant struggle with the Press, but it is not always the Press that wins. This woman, gently bred, a lady to the core, was, nevertheless, not the legal wife of the man she had married in all good faith, and neither the Emperor nor the Empire of Umbria would recognise her as such. The fat once in the fire, who could put it out?

As the visitor to Lemburg is aware, and especially the ubiquitous American, the old town is still composed of quaint houses dating back from the Middle Ages, the upper stories projecting the width of the pavement which passes underneath. Few of these houses are now inhabited, for most of them are in a state of decay, while the growth of the city has spread in an opposite direction. Even the Cathedral rears its hoary head deserted by all but antiquarians or visitors. My companion, who had run on ahead of me, peered down the deserted Rudolfstrasse with an air of despair.

"Our search is futile!" she exclaimed, almost in tears.

"Not so," I replied. "Follow me."

I led the way back to the Cathedral Platz, and, as I spoke, a light flashed in a window close beside us. It was once the residence of the Hofbergs and is still the property of the Crown. It had been a fine palace in its day, though small to our modern notions, yet it stood a dignified, if pathetic, example of aristocratic decay.

Silently beckoning her to follow me I let her into the garden, and we took up our position behind a pavilion whence we were not only effectively screened from sight, but could escape from behind without possibly being observed. She had hold of my arm, and even her strong nerve could not prevent her shivering as she waited.

I was not mistaken. In a few minutes I heard footsteps approaching.

"You speak German?" I whispered.

She nodded assent.

"I will never give her up, my father!" exclaimed a voice. "I will gladly resign all pretensions to the throne. I am not fitted as thou art to fill that august position. I prefer, infinitely, to remain plain, obscure Mr. Smith, to live in retirement in my little Swiss *châlet*, to molest no one, and, in return, to be unmolested. Why cannot this be?"

"Alas!" returned a deep voice, which ere now has thrilled an army, "we cannot shake off our destiny thus lightly. God knows, Karl, though all my hopes have centred round thee, I would gladly sacrifice everything for thy happiness. But it is not possible. The nation is not yet united, and for the race of Hofberg to die with me would arouse instantly the demons of civil strife. It is the influence of our race which has enabled Umbria to hold her position in the forefront of the nations. My work has been to gather together the different peoples, and prevent their natural antagonism from bursting forth. Thy duty is to cement what I have loosely knit. Thou canst not escape from it."

"Am I, then, to sacrifice the one being I love in this world to assist in a political situation?" inquired the Crown Prince desperately, "and she a woman in a million."

She trembled as the last words fell, and for a moment I feared the strain would be too great for her; but she recovered herself. Would she realise the position?

"Such, indeed, is the case," returned the Emperor. "Nor is this all. We must silence this woman, for, were the truth to be known, I tremble to think of the consequences. Till now I have silenced the growing reports about this marriage, but ere long, unless thou art here to deny them in the flesh it will leak out. England is bitter against us now, and if the truth were known there that my son had married an Englishwoman, aye, and married her without revealing to her the true position, she would hunger for revenge, and it is possible she would fly at our throats, for England does not relish morganatic marriages. Then there is the Princess Royal of Struria——"

But my fair companion had heard enough: she fainted in my arms.

V

With the utmost stealth I carried her safely outside. The seeds had been well sown. What would be the fruit? If I were a judge of character it were fairly certain. Once outside, she rapidly recovered, and thanked me meekly, very different to her manner earlier in the evening. As luck would have it, a *fiacre* came crawling down the street, a minute later I hailed it.

"Shall I take you back?" I asked.

The reply was as I had expected.

"If you do not very much mind I would rather go alone."

And so, reverently kissing her hand, I instructed the old jarvey, philosophically smoking his pipe, where to take his fare.

And then, with somewhat mixed feelings, I slowly walked homewards.

. . . . .

I was quite prepared for the outburst showered on my head by the Crown Prince when he learnt that his wife, after going out with me late at night, had returned alone in the early hours, and, ordering the motor-car, had immediately left, no one knew whither, and in such haste that she never even took her jewels. I informed his Royal Highness that I was perfectly ignorant of the case, and that I accompanied the lady strongly against my will. However, he was too agitated and too excited in the prospect of again finding her to waste much time on me.

All that remains for me to add is that no word has ever been heard of her again in spite of his frantic efforts, nor, I conceive, will the Crown Prince set eyes upon her this side of the tomb. It is possible I could reveal her whereabouts, for a lady whose description tallies with hers, is known by the Foreign Office to reside quietly at a small seaside town not many hundreds of miles from London.

One word more. All the world now knows that the differences existing between Umbria and Great Britain are, happily, matters of the past. Struria and Umbria will be united under one throne, but of the domestic life of the Crown Prince and his Princess it is not for me to speak. Charles, it is remarked, looks an unhappy man, but so is his father. His Majesty has frequently discussed the matter with me subsequently, and he always ends up thus:

"It was a great stroke of diplomacy, my friend, but"—and he looks sadly away—"she was a noble woman!"

The Libertad, the Fastest and Most Formidable Battleship Afloat

This vessel, just purchased for the Royal Navy from Chili, made a speed of 20.2 Knots at her trial, a speed exceeding, by about three-quarters of a knot, the highest yet reached by any battleship

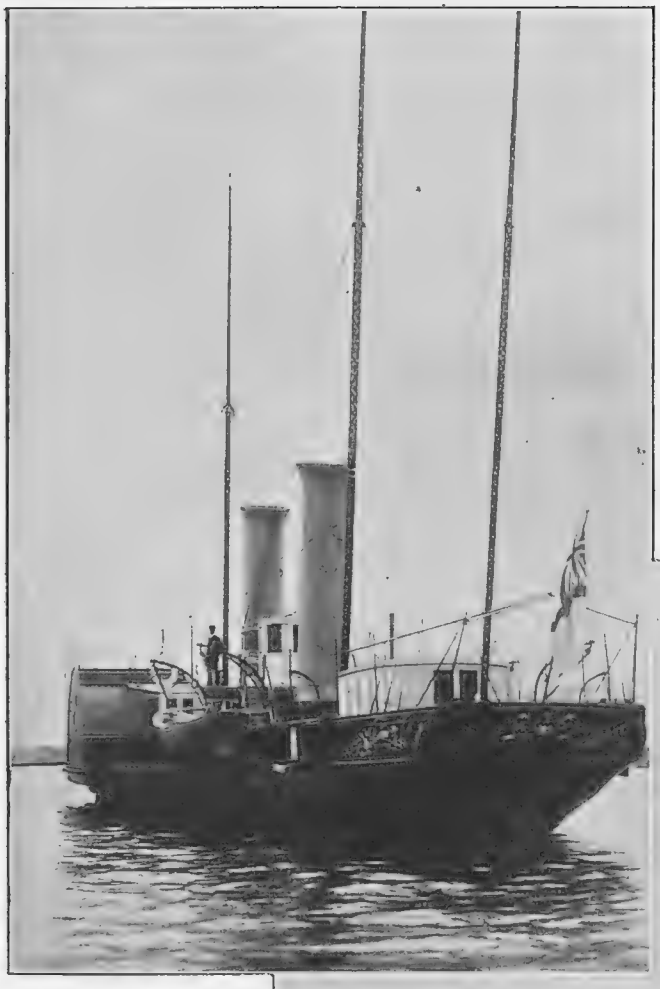
Study of a Girl's Head
By Maud B. Preston

Two Studies Lately Exhibited at

Study of a Girl's Head
By Maud B. Preston

St. John's Wood Art Schools.

"THOSE THAT GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS"



Two Views of the "Victoria and Albert," which, with the "Royal George" (the Hulk Shown in the Lower Picture) are to be Broken Up as Obsolete Vessels.

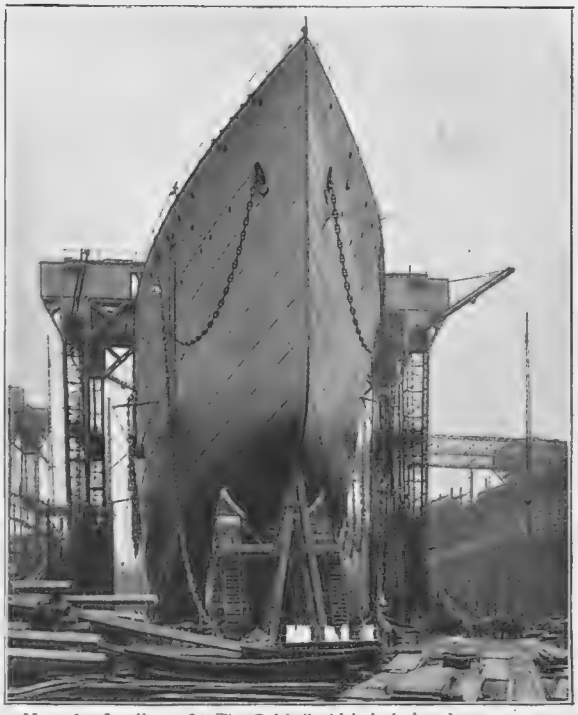
Views of the Obsolete, Compared with the Latest Specimens of the Shipbuilder's Craft

The above illustrations show two famous yachts of the late Queen Victoria, which are about to be broken up. One, the old Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, for which the late Queen had so intense a liking, and the still older yacht the *Royal George*, in which Her Majesty, accompanied by the Prince Consort, made her first trip to Scotland. These two vessels now lie side by side in Rotten Row, Portsmouth—the *Royal George*, the smaller of the two, awaiting the advent of the ship-breakers. In the case of the *Victoria and Albert*, the wait is not likely to be a long one, as His Majesty the King has ordered the yacht to be broken up. Various parts of the vessel are to be preserved as mementoes, and her mainmast is to be placed on the Naval Barracks' Square at Portsmouth, to serve as a flag pole. The mast from which the Royal Standard has floated so proudly on many great occasions will, in the near future, fly only the White Ensign and a captain's pennant. Still, the "stick" will be preserved, and probably no better use could have been found for it than that to which it is to be relegated. When the old "V and A," as naval men call her, is pulled to pieces, there will, no doubt, be a great demand for relics made from her timbers. But it is very improbable that many will be obtainable. The fate of the yacht was decided upon because she had for many years been so intimately associated with Queen Victoria, that it would have seemed like sacrilege to put this vessel to any baser uses than those for which she was built. No such reverent associations invest the *Royal George*. The vessel was built for George IV., and in her day was accounted a very smart craft. On one occasion, at least, she presented a very ornate appearance, for then even her rigging was gilded. Many years have elapsed since she was used for any other purpose than a hulk, and she is no longer required even for that purpose.

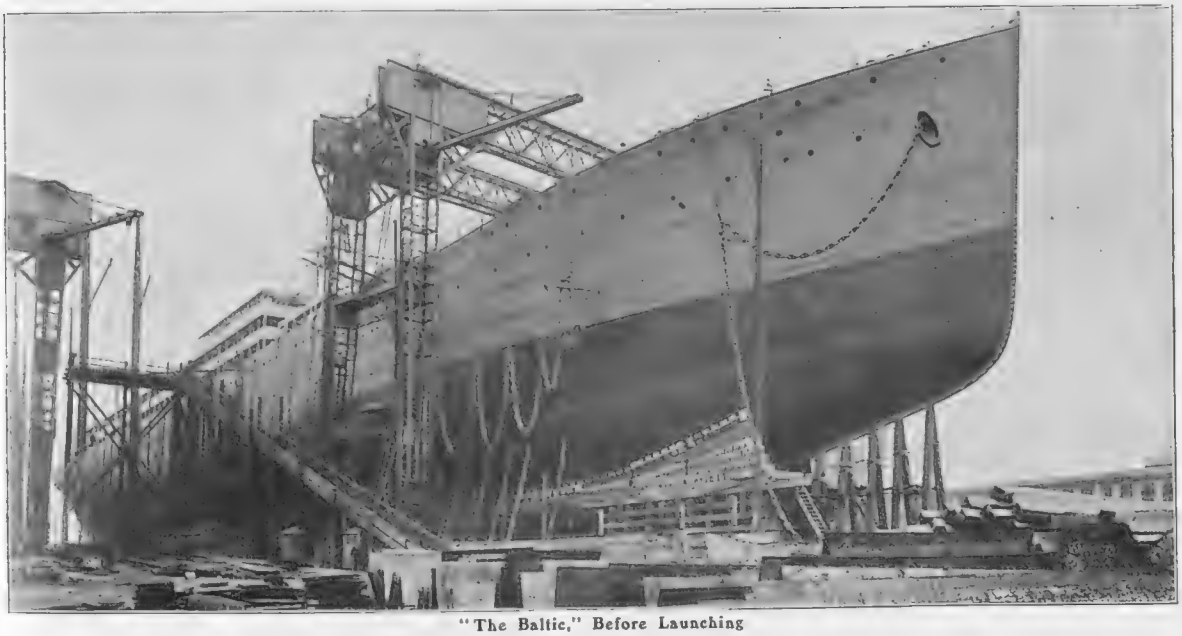
THE LAUNCH OF A LEVIATHAN

The launch of a ship is an impressive sight. When the vessel which is to undergo the ceremony of launching is a leviathan, second in length, girth, and tonnage to no other afloat, the occasion is one which no one of the sightseers is likely to forget. The first impression to the onlooker is one of dense clusters of humanity perched on flag-bedecked platforms about a monster hulk. Upon that hulk the proximity of the spectators acts with weird results. The beauty of the hulk is subordinated to its immensity. To the distorted vision of the pigmy spectators the hulk seems to have its keel in the depth of the earth and its bulwarks in the high heavens.

A long wait is ended by an agitated movement among the group of little figures upon a platform suspended by the bows of the vessel. Then suspense for moments which seem like hours, punctuated by the clangour of many hammers. Suddenly amid a chorus of delighted "Ah's!" and "Oh's!" the great ship slips on the inclined plane with a movement which seems to shake off its overpowering bulk. The monster gains beauty and lightness with every foot of progress, until, by the time it has gently dipped into the sea, it might be a toy boat slid by a child down the paved edge of the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens.



Note the fine lines of "The Baltic," which is designed as a cargo boat, as well as to carry 2,000 passengers.



"The Baltic," Before Launching

Showing the bow "cradle" arrangement and other gigantic contrivances required in the building of a modern leviathan

How "The Baltic," the Biggest Steamer in the World, was Launched

Showing the sliding ways all broken up

Early in May next the great new White Star liner, the *Baltic*, will leave Liverpool on her maiden voyage to New York, and many passengers who are intending to visit the Exposition at St. Louis

"The Baltic," Descending After Being Slipped
The pressure of water caused is enormous, as is seen from the photograph

have already booked berths in the largest vessel the world has ever seen.

The first Cunarder, the *Britannia*, launched in 1840, had a length of 207 feet, and the following table will show how the liner has grown in length. The Americans can beat us in many things, but Britain can still build the finest and biggest vessels—

		Length
1871	*Oceanic* (first White Star liner) ...	420 ft.
1894	*Campania*	600 ft.
1889	*Oceanic II.*	705 ft.
1903	*Kaiser Wilhelm II.*	706 ft.
1903	*Baltic*	725 ft. 9in.

The tonnage, displacement, beam, speed, and indicated horse-power of the liner have also developed wonderfully during the past fifty years.

The *Baltic* has a gross tonnage of 24,000, a cargo capacity of 28,000 tons, and a displacement at load draught of 40,000 tons. She will carry 3,000 passengers, and a crew of 350 and she will be magnificently fitted up.

In so large a ship there is practically no discomfort from the vibration due to the engines, and the *Baltic* will be the steadiest vessel on the Atlantic ferry. She is not an ocean flyer, like the new German liners, but she is all the more comfortable, in that she is content with a speed of 17 knots, instead of aiming at 23 or 24 knots.

After the Launch
The Baltic brought up alongside the Jetty

The Latest Liner, the "Armadale Castle," the Largest and Most Powerful Boat on the South African Service

A Sea-going Palace—The Reading Room of the "Armadale Castle"

THE THOUGHT MACHINE

By ALAN OSCAR

I don't think these snuffy old professors ought to marry; look at Mrs. ——"

Paul Helmuth would, possibly, never have noticed this overheard fragment had not the name—which he did not quite catch—sounded like his own. Involuntarily his thoughts turned to his young wife—ten years younger than he. He was by no means "snuffy" or "old," yet the thought came to him, "Have I neglected her for the sake of my work?" And an ill-defined fear that it might be so crept into his mind. Where was she? He had not seen her for half an hour. That conversation with Schwartzkopf had engrossed him, and for the time he had forgotten her. Then, as he stood there a last moment ere he started to seek her, came the thought that she had been more distant lately, that, in the stress of working out a wondrous new discovery which had already made him world-famous, he had, to some extent, shut her out of his inner life. "Dear one! I will change all that," he thought, as he looked round the magnificent reception-room. But she was not in sight.

He went to seek her, full of contrition, for he loved her, and as he went he began to think.

"Two years—childless; and I have been so engrossed with this new atmospheric power of mine. Good heavens! I must have spent hours—days—at a stretch in the laboratory. Where was she all the time? How did she amuse herself? And this has been going on this year past!"

At the door of the conservatory he came across an acquaintance; he had no friend.

"Ah! Taylorson. Have you happened to see Mrs. Helmuth?"

There was an under meaning in Taylorson's answering grin,

"Oh, yes; you needn't be anxious. She's enjoying herself."

"I—er—wasn't anxious. But where is she?"

"In here." And Taylorson stepped aside, wondering what was "up" with Helmuth. Their acquaintances had already begun to talk of his neglect, and her way of amusing herself, he—as is often the case—being the only blind one.

He fancied there was a hurried movement as he came upon her. Marter looked up; she looked down.

"Oh, I was—er—wondering if you were all right," he said.

"If I was all *right*, Paul?" And she stared in wonder at this new solicitude.

"Yes—I—was afraid I had neglected you; but don't let me bother you. I suppose you'll find me when you want to go home."

He walked away, feeling "out of it," but unsuspicious. The very soul of truth and honour himself, he was absolutely ignorant of feminine littleness.

"Now, what the deuce does *that* mean?" thought Marter, as he turned again to the woman at his side. But he found her preoccupied of a sudden. She shivered a little.

"Are you cold, dear Mrs. Helmuth? Let me——"

"No thanks. I am all right. Let us go to the ball room."

Her husband's few stammering words had drawn aside a curtain, and she seemed to see—all suddenly—the black abyss into which she might have stepped. In the sudden revulsion she felt ill, and sent Marter to find Helmuth.

"I should like to go home. Do you mind?—so early?"

"*I*, dear? No. Only too glad."

Not a word during the drive back. A strange awkwardness seemed to hold them—and in silence they parted in the hall, he to his laboratory, she to her room.

. . . .

Helmuth's discovery had—in theory and experiment—annihilated space. Should further experiments prove its general possibility there would be no more need of so-called "wireless" telegraphy, or flying machines, or submarine boats—this new power was to make all such half-way appliances unnecessary. Preliminary reports had caused general, curious wonder, and the world was waiting for details, waiting with mere nineteenth century curiosity and credulity, and not very greatly impressed.

Meanwhile, Helmuth was almost terrified by the new force which seemed to be within his grasp, but he worked on slowly, systematically, step by step, as your true scientist ever does. He had endeavoured to explain his discovery to his young wife, but she could not grasp it, and had received only a faint idea that it was something which would do away with the necessity for telegrams and railway journeys, but she, like the rest of the world, waited for its practical application.

On their return home, he worked far into the night, and, after a few hours' sleep, was again at work before she came from her room. She had been frightened by the sudden knowledge that her intimacy with Marter had become dangerous, for she did not really care for the man, and it was want of occupation, as much as anything, which had drawn her into the entanglement. She would try to win her husband back to her, so that he might protect her, for, long ago, she had fancied that "science" had outrivalled her. Woman like, she did not know her own heart, not even now; did not know that Paul still held her love. She fancied that she was in Marter's power, should he choose to say "Come!" and that her husband's love was lost to her. Could she recover it?

"Shall I disturb you, Paul?" she said, as she entered.

He rose instantly.

"No, my Queen."

She shuddered a little.

"Tell me about this wonderful thing you have discovered?"

"Well, dear," he began, somewhat surprised at this new show of interest, "You can't understand the scientific part, of course, but I have conquered the resistance of what you would call the 'air.' For example, I can talk to anyone miles away without using any mechanical appliances; very soon I shall

be able to 'fly,' as you would say. Oh! there is no end to the wonders I shall be able to do! Why, I shall presently, perhaps, be able to read the thoughts of others, whether they will or no," and he laughed.

She started.

"Ah! That would be unbearable. How could we live if other people knew. Oh! horrible!"

"Why not?" He smiled.

"*Why?* How could we bear it?"

The thought was too much for her; she made a halting excuse and, trembling, left the room hurriedly.

Paul Helmuth stood in thought, with puzzled eyes. At last he returned to his work.

She fled to her boudoir, her cheeks burning.

"Oh! I am afraid of him! Heavens! what a terrible idea! If he should be able to do such a thing!"

Helmuth, left alone, sat thinking; but with his thoughts out of harness, flying first to some of the formulæ of his experiments, then to other abstruse matters, yet, through all, an idea kept presenting itself, the idea of proving his wife, for the meaning grin on Taylorson's face came back to him and, connected by the private *tête-à-tête* which he had surprised, sent thoughts into his mind that had never before found entrance. But presently science again held him to the exclusion of the other thought. "Pooh!" he said, "It was mere fancy on my part. But I will pay her more attention. It would be my own fault if she went wrong."

And she——

This terrible idea, this terror of her husband's uncanny powers, scared her, and for the time swamped her love for him, so that it seemed finally lost to her. Oh! she must escape whilst there was yet time! How could she ever live with him in the knowledge that he could read her very thoughts!

Was it true!

"I won't believe it!" she said—And, whilst protesting, believed, so that Marter's game was made more easy.

Helmuth, preoccupied, forgot for the time. And so it came about that, driven more by terror than passion, more by utter foolishness than love. she staggered blindly on till at the very verge of the precipice—one more step and she was lost.

On the day of the climax Marter wrote:—

Remember all I am giving up for you; but you are worth it. Never shall you repent having taken the step, for I fully realise the great sacrifice you, also, are making.

It was the letter of a mean hound, yet she—in the whirl of her senses—did not see it, and nerved herself to write a last short note specifying time and place of meeting.

. . . .

Some chance thought had once again wakened Helmuth's wandering senses.

"What a fool I am! I see it! I am a mere slave to science. What has science to give me that I should neglect my marriage vows? God! What a fool I have been! This shall end it. I will throw all aside for three months and devote myself to her. I wonder if there was anything in what I heard. Suppose I make a trial. That idea, which she seemed to take to heart so much, that I should be able to read her thoughts—dear, silly child—I'll try it; just for curiosity."

He took up a delicate instrument, which Troughton had lately made for him.

"This would do," he said. Then he touched the bell.

"Is Mrs. Helmuth at home?"

"Yes, sir."

"In her own room? Good! I will go to her."

And, carrying the little instrument, he sought her.

"May I come in?"

She stood with reckless eyes but did not answer him; in her hand she held the note she had written.

"Good morning, dear one."

His kiss startled her.

"I thought you would like to see this little machine. You remember what I was talking about the other day, that I told you I should soon be able to read one's thoughts? Well, this is the thing."

"Nonsense!" she said. "I don't believe it."

But she could not control her voice, and its tremors set him wondering.

"Does she really fear it?" he thought.

"Oh yes," he said, "this little thing will do it. Shall I try? Let us try for fun. And I was about to tell you also that I am going to take a holiday—I have been neglecting you, dear. We will go somewhere together and have a good time, and I will throw this old science on one side and be once more your devoted lover. Ah, forgive me my neglect! But now, see! I set this little thing."

"No!" she almost screamed.

He looked up wondering.

"Why not?"

"I don't believe it, Paul—that you can read one's thoughts against one's wish."

"Oh, yes—yes, really. Now—let me set it going and——"

"No, I tell you—No!"

"Why?"

"Because I will not!"

"But you dear—Why need you fear?"

I! *I* do not fear?"

"I could read the letter in your hand in the same way as I could your thoughts."

"Read it!" she cried recklessly. "Read it, then! I dare you!"

"No, dearest. I do not want to read your letter. But I should like to read deep into your soul and see your love for me, the love I have so neglected."

She began to tremble. This was too much for her. Did this man indeed love her so? What was she about to do? Unconsciously she began to tear the note. Helmuth had put the little instrument upon a table, and placed his arms about her. And in that moment, somehow, her love for him rushed back to the surface from its hidden depths, and she burst into tears.

"Read the letter!" she sobbed. And, ah! read my heart. Quick, I tell you! Read!"

"Why, my darling! What has so moved you," he said tenderly. "No, love! no poor little machine such as this shall ever register such a holy thing," and he hurled it into the fireplace, where it broke into a thousand pieces.

She crept to him and hid her weeping eyes.

Bridge. By "Problematicus"

A suffering player has made a very bitter complaint against us. He had introduced at his club, he said, the American device of shortening the game by giving the declarant of undoubled spades two, and proceeding to the next deal without playing the hand; and the result was that during the next four hours the grand slam in no-trumps was scored against him six times by different opponents. For these disasters he blamed us, because from us he learned the device. But it would appear that what really happened was that the innovation upset, for the time being, the patron deity of the game, the Levantine Asmodeus, we suppose; and our complainant merely enjoyed the usual martyrdom of a benefactor of his fellow-creatures.

We have been observing lately the play of a circle of players who began their whist at Bridge, who did not, that is, have that training at whist which is so useful to the Bridge player; and it is curious to observe how the faults of the weak whist player crop up amongst them. They have, above all, the weak whist player's fondness for bottling up trumps; four times out of seven they will lead out two rounds of trumps and stop, in a curious shrinking from the third round, which generally brings disaster upon them. Worst of all, when it is their original lead, and their partner has doubled a trump declaration, they will not lead him a trump. They will show him their suit, they will lead him a strengthening card, or they will even lead a singleton, the most foolish course of all, since, as soon as he gets in, he will draw trumps and prevent their ruffing, but they will not lead him a trump.

It is imperative that when your partner has doubled a no-trump declaration, and it is your original lead, that you should not only lead him a trump, but your *best* trump. If that wins, lead your next best.

The reason of this lead is that your partner doubles because he is very strong in trumps, or because he is very strong in other suits and holds moderate trumps. In either case, it is to his advantage to have trumps led.

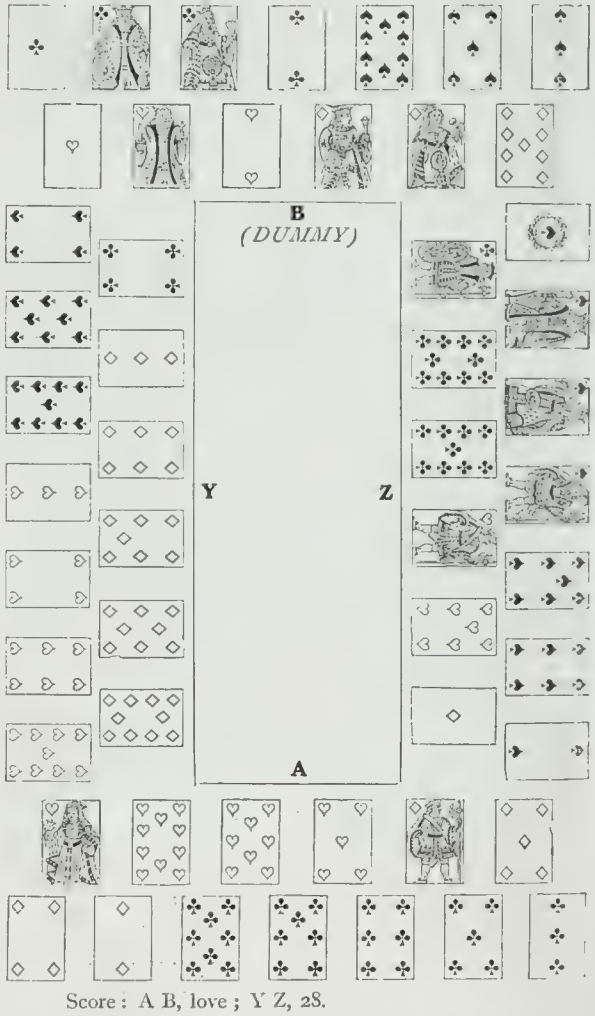
There is one probable, but hardly absolute, exception to this rule: when Dummy has made the declaration, your partner has doubled it, and the *dealer has re-doubled* it, it is probably best not to lead trumps.

The more we see of the game, the more convinced we are that the lead of a singleton needs a great deal more consideration than is generally given to it. Of course it has the advantage that it may enable the leader to ruff once or twice. But against it, there is the danger of finding your opponent with the strength in the suit, and the greater danger of robbing your partner of a good card in the suit, which might, later, have made a trick, and postponed your opponents establishing the suit. There are plenty of players who lead a Singleton originally whenever they have it. Yet we are disposed, on the whole, to think that, against an offensive declaration, it should be led rarely, almost as a desperate lead, because the leader has nothing better to do. A defensive declaration is another matter, and against that it may be led freely, for your partner may be as strong in trumps as the declarant, able to prevent their immediate extraction, and return it to you to ruff.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM IV.

Tricks	Y	B	Z	A
1	♥ Q	♥ 6	♥ 3	♥ K
2	♦ 8	♦ 2	♦ 6	♦ A
3	♦ 10	♦ 4	♦ J	♦ K
4	♥ 9	♥ A	♥ 4	♥ 2
5	♣ 2	♣ 4	♣ 9	♣ 10
6	♠ 2	♦ Q	♠ 8	♦ 3
7	♣ 3	♣ 6	♣ K	♣ A
8	♣ 5	♣ Q	♥ 5	♣ J
9	♣ 7	♣ 8	♠ 9	♠ 5
10	♠ 6	♠ 3	♠ 10	♠ 7
11				♦ 9
12				♦ 7
13				♢ 5

PROBLEM V.



Score: A B, love; Y Z, 28.

A dealt, and left it to B, who declared no trumps. A B made 9 tricks. How did it happen?

A solution of this problem will be given next week.

[Communications to The Bridge Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, London, E.C.]

£25 BRIDGE COMPETITION

With Ten Consolation Prizes of £1 1s. each

The proprietors of THE BYSTANDER have decided to give one prize of £25 in cash and ten consolation prizes of one guinea each for the best solution of the declarations and play of the hands of a rubber. One hand will be given each week.

The advantages of working through a Bridge competition are two-fold. First, of course there is the prize Secondly, it crystallises, as nothing else can, your knowledge of the game, and strengthens your grip on it. It is a good thing to read treatises on Bridge, but a far better to work through a competition with your treatise by your side, referring to it continually when you are in doubt as to a lead or point of play. It impresses these points on your memory as nothing else does, so that even if you fail to win the prize, you are amply repaid for your trouble by your increased knowledge of the game.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION

1. No entrance fee is required.

2. When you have worked out your solution of the declaration, and play of a hand, cut out the coupon, write your full name and address, your *nom de guerre*, or initials, in the spaces provided for them, pin the coupon to your solution, and enclose them in an envelope addressed as follows:

BYSTANDER BRIDGE COMPETITION
The Bridge Editor,
THE BYSTANDER,
Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment,
London, E.C.

3. In the event of a competitor wishing to send in more than one solution of the play of any hand, he must pin another coupon to each different solution. No one competitor may send in more than a dozen solutions.

4. If a competitor wishes to give reasons for making a certain declaration, for doubling, re-doubling, or for a particular point of play, he should write them on a separate sheet of paper and pin it to his solution and coupon.

5. No other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover. Requests for information, discussions of points of play, suggestions, reports of hands must be sent in a separate envelope.

6. The hands are to be regarded as being played in the ordinary way, four players playing. It is *not* a Double Dummy rubber; and each player is supposed only to see his own hand and that of dummy.

7. Competitors should follow the rules of leading and play laid down in any of the well-known writers on the game. The end to be aimed at is that each player should play as well as possible according to what he knows of his own hand and dummy's, and learns from the play of his partner and opponents.

8. The players have adopted the Heart Convention for the reasons set forth in Nos. I. & II. of THE BYSTANDER.

9. Competitors are requested to be as neat as possible in writing out their solutions. We should advise them to set them out in the following formula—

Trick.	Y	B	Z	A
1	♦ J	♦ K	♦ 2	♢ 3
2	♥ A	♥ K	♥ 7	♥ 5
3	♦ 10	♦ A	♦ 5	♦ 7
etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.

underlining the winning card in each trick.

10. Competitors should write the declaration and result of the play of each hand at the *head* of their solution; thus—Declaration. No Trumps. A. B. win 8 tricks. Y. Z. 5 tricks.

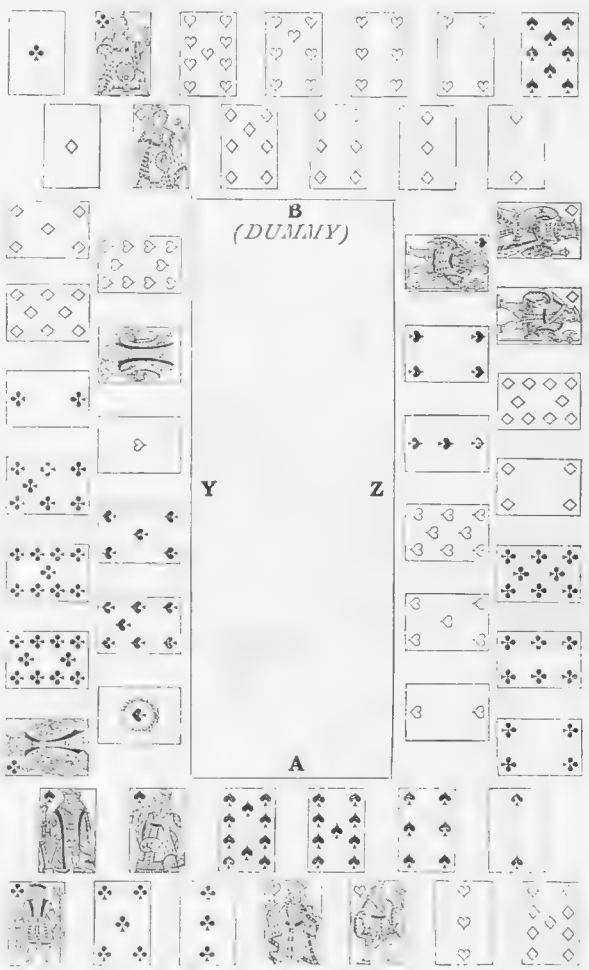
11. Competitors are advised to keep the score of the rubber by them, since, as it progresses, the declaration will be influenced by the score.

12. A competitor may enter the competition at any point in it. Back numbers of THE BYSTANDER may be procured from any newsagent; or from The Publisher, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C.

[N.B.—Competitors must comply strictly with the above rules, or they will diminish their chance of the Prize. The Bridge Editor's decision will be final in every instance.]

COUPON I.

The First Hand of the Rubber.



A deals.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Nom de guerre or initial .....

A Human Document

Annexed is a statement received from a hard-worked Surrey doctor, which appears to be of general interest. His letter states, "Neither I nor my groom knew anything about cars when I got mine on November 9, 1902. I had bad luck with my ball bearings, having had five new axle cones. I have kept accounts of my expenses for the first year, and enclose an account, which includes every penny I have spent on the car." Here are the items up to November 9, 1903:

	£	s.	d.
Petrol, 190 gallons	10	19	4
Lubricating oil £3 0s. 6d., grease 7s., carbide 4s.	3	11	6
Charging cells		17	6
Materials used (sponges, waste, leathers, etc.) ...	1	19	5
Repairs and spare parts (including varnishing, brake stays, new copper tank)	14	12	3
Repairs caused by accident (groom drove into a gate)	4	5	4
Insurance premiums	3	16	6
	£40	1	10

This was "necessary" expenditure, beyond this he made other disbursements, not "necessary"; they were:—

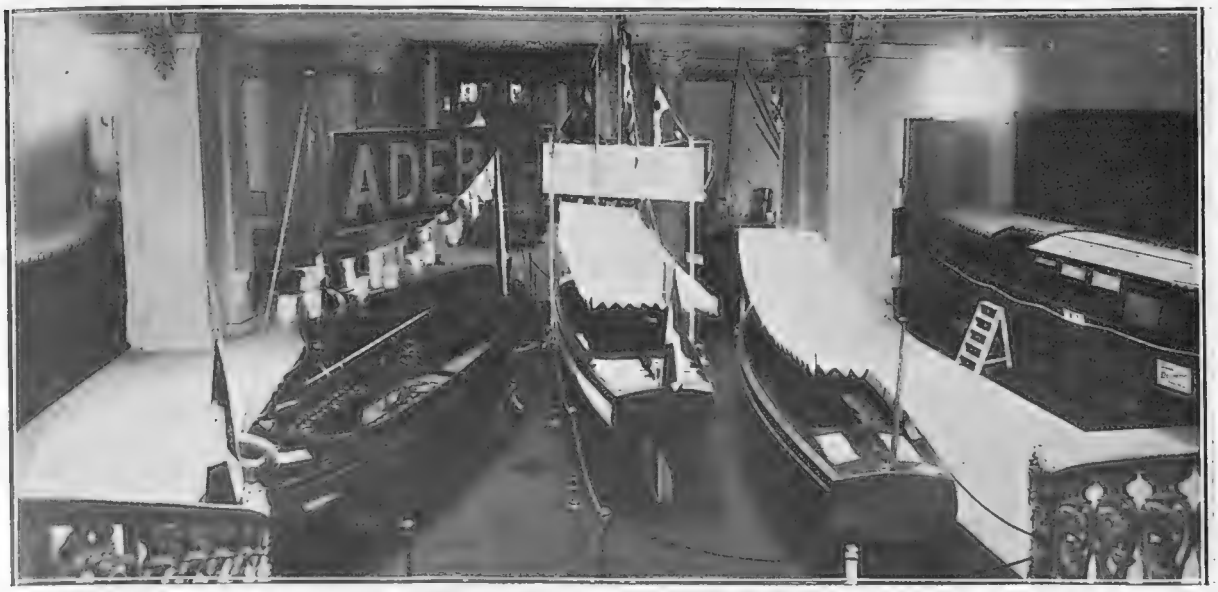
	£	s.	d.
Spare accumulators	3	15	0
Liveries (driving-apron, engineer's suit)	11	12	5
Tools (vice, jack, voltmeter, hack, saw)	5	3	6
Spare parts (bought, but not used)	7	0	6
Alterations and additions to car and stable	22	7	0
	£49	18	5

"The car travelled 3,446 miles, cost £280, ran on solid tyres (which are not mentioned), was of the simplest possible type, and carried four people." In conclusion, he remarks, "The engine is perfect."

A Use for "burnt out" Electric Lamps

Although not strictly an automobile topic, yet the fact remains that individuals who charge their own accumulators from the electric mains use up a certain number of glow lamps in doing so, and the question has often arisen in motoring circles how to dispose of these. Being exhausted of air, when broken, they burst with a loud report, and so are peculiarly indicated as being of great utility in connection with nocturnal caterwauling felines. Three thirty-two candle-power bulbs, dropped

At the Paris Motor Exhibition: The New Fashion for Heavy Cars—Six Wheels

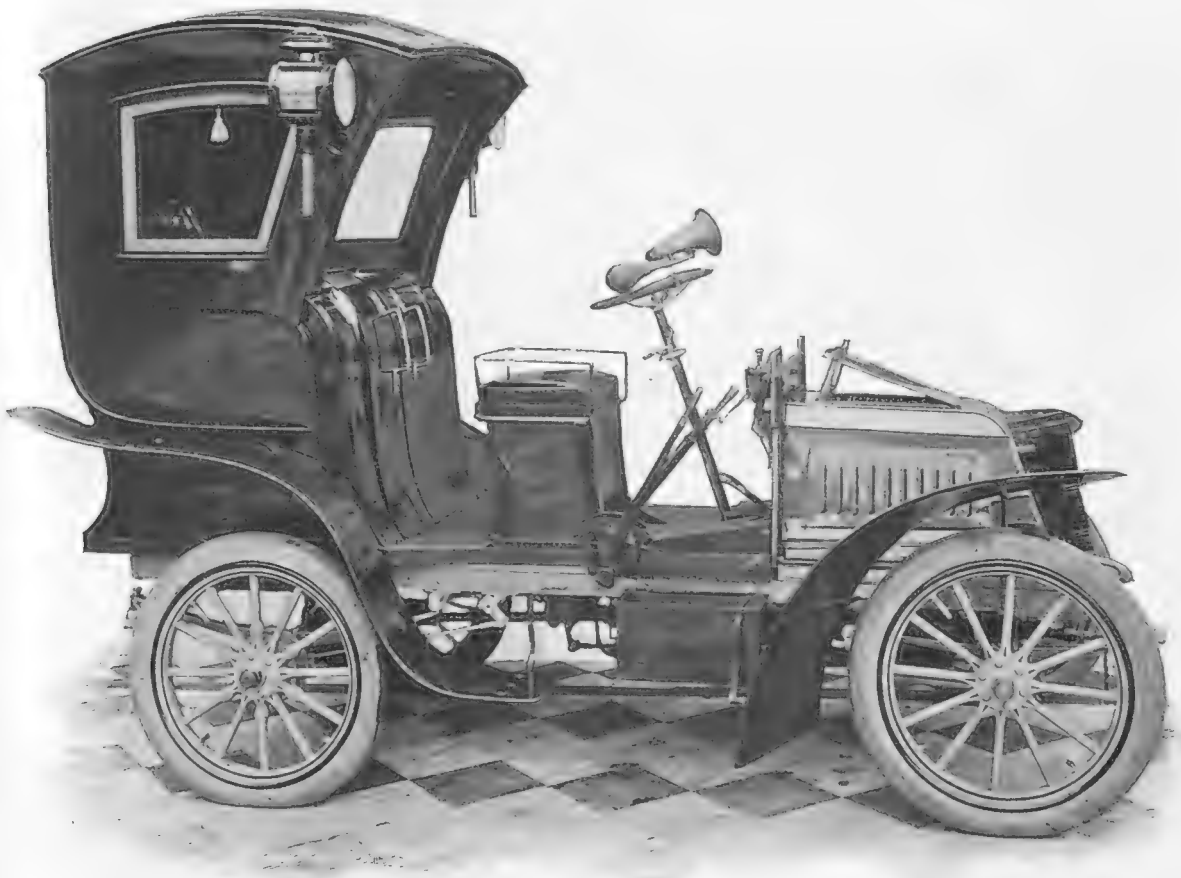


At the Paris Exhibition: Some Excellent Petrol Launches

in quick succession amongst a party of "Waits," successfully conveyed the hint that the neighbourhood had sufficiently enjoyed the "Mistletoe Bough" at three a.m., and the musicians moved on amidst general cheering from the surrounding flats.

The Motor Omnibus

Quite a lot of nice, useful hard cash is likely to be wasted in the near future in attempting to produce a payable, mechanically propelled omnibus, mainly because of the great tyre difficulty. On account of the weight to be carried, pneumatic tyres are out of the question, and it appears to be assumed that a mass of two or three tons can satisfactorily be isolated from the road by a good, thick solid rubber tyre. If this were so, the existing 'bus would long ere this have been so provided, but rubber is a material easily torn to pieces and disintegrated when too great a strain is put upon it. For a light car of about 10 cwt. to carry four at low speeds, it answers very well; but even then it has not an everlasting life, as it has to push against the surface of the road in order to propel the car, and in so pushing considerable wear is entailed. After a smart run on a solid-tyred car say of an hour, the rubber will be found quite warm to the touch. The motor-



The New Motor Hansom, to be put on the London Streets at once

A Motor Train Exhibited at the Paris Exhibition

omnibus will require to have wheels with metal tyres, and vibration minimised by the use of exceptionally good springs, perhaps in connection with pneumatic buffers. If merely the elimination of the horse is required, two or three of such vehicles could be hauled by a "tractor," but not at any speed until the road surfaces have been greatly ameliorated.

Racing

The most laudable endeavours are now being made to induce the "speed man" in the motoring world to give our long-suffering highways a rest, and to this end one welcomes, with some enthusiasm, any efforts that may be at all likely to lead him to take to the water. This year one hears that motor-launch racing is to be "all the go," so there may in the end be found a use for the 100 h.p. engine after all. The great charm of this sport is that there is no end to it. Crœsus may have a boat of the above-mentioned power; then Sir Gorgius Midas may order one of 200 h.p., and so on, *ad lib.* Makers will clap their hands for very joy, and all will be well as long as the petrol holds out. As a start, it may be mentioned that holders of the Harmsworth Cup, the French International Trophy, and the Gaston Menier Cup intend to retain these tokens of past prowess on the unstable element, and so Messrs. Napier have already entered two launches of 100 h.p. and 60 h.p., and dare all others to come on.

Charging Accumulators at Home

This is often a very practical difficulty, when the electric light is not laid on to the house, as in the country, and rather than send their batteries away, for re-charging, many motorists use a primary battery, which can be made to give satisfactory results. A small dynamo, however, is a better alternative, and one driven by a miniature turbine actuated by water has now been put on the market by Messrs. Gilkes, of Kendal. The ordinary house water supply gives the power to drive it, and produces a current of from 2 to 3 ampères at 10 volts. All that is necessary, in order to vary the pressure of electric current, is to turn on or off the water tap. This article is worth attention.

Electric Vehicles

Many persons are waiting for these, and one hopes that all such have a real stock of patience. As town runabouts they are all very well, but their strongest admirers cannot, and will not, dub them "motor-cars" just yet. At the very outside, if all goes well, 50 miles is the limit of a run, at the end of which the batteries must be re-charged. This is not accomplished by means of a flash of lightning, but by taking in current slowly from the main, a question of hours. It is difficult to understand the attitude of mind of an amateur who "shies" at the responsibility of running a simple type of petrol-car, but who is quite prepared to grapple with an electric vehicle and its somewhat complex motor. "I'll have a car, my boy, as soon as this new battery is perfect" is an expression we often hear; but the machinery, "which makes the wheels go round," is not very often alluded to. Why is this?

Ball Bearings

There is a great tendency amongst makers just now to introduce these into various parts of both engine and transmission gear, and, as far as the requirements of amateurs is concerned, the wisdom of this is open to question. What is really necessary is a bearing that, when once properly adjusted, will stay adjusted and wear for years. Take, for example, the crank bearing. Nothing is so exposed to pull and thrust as this, yet no one dreams

of putting balls *there*. Why elsewhere? The desideratum is not to save the power of the engine, there is generally rather too much than too little to be found of this already, even in cheap cars. The present writer spent a very enjoyable Christmas afternoon in removing (with a cold chisel) parts of balls which had got adrift in the gear box of a friend's car. The bevel pinion, especially, was almost "reduced to a minimum," but just enough of it was left to drive the car to the works to have a new one fitted. If the balls are as large as marbles, their use in road wheel axles *is* indicated, as here one really does want to minimise friction and the bearing is rendered perfectly adjustable. "*O sancta simplicitas*" *what* wrongs are not committed in thy name!

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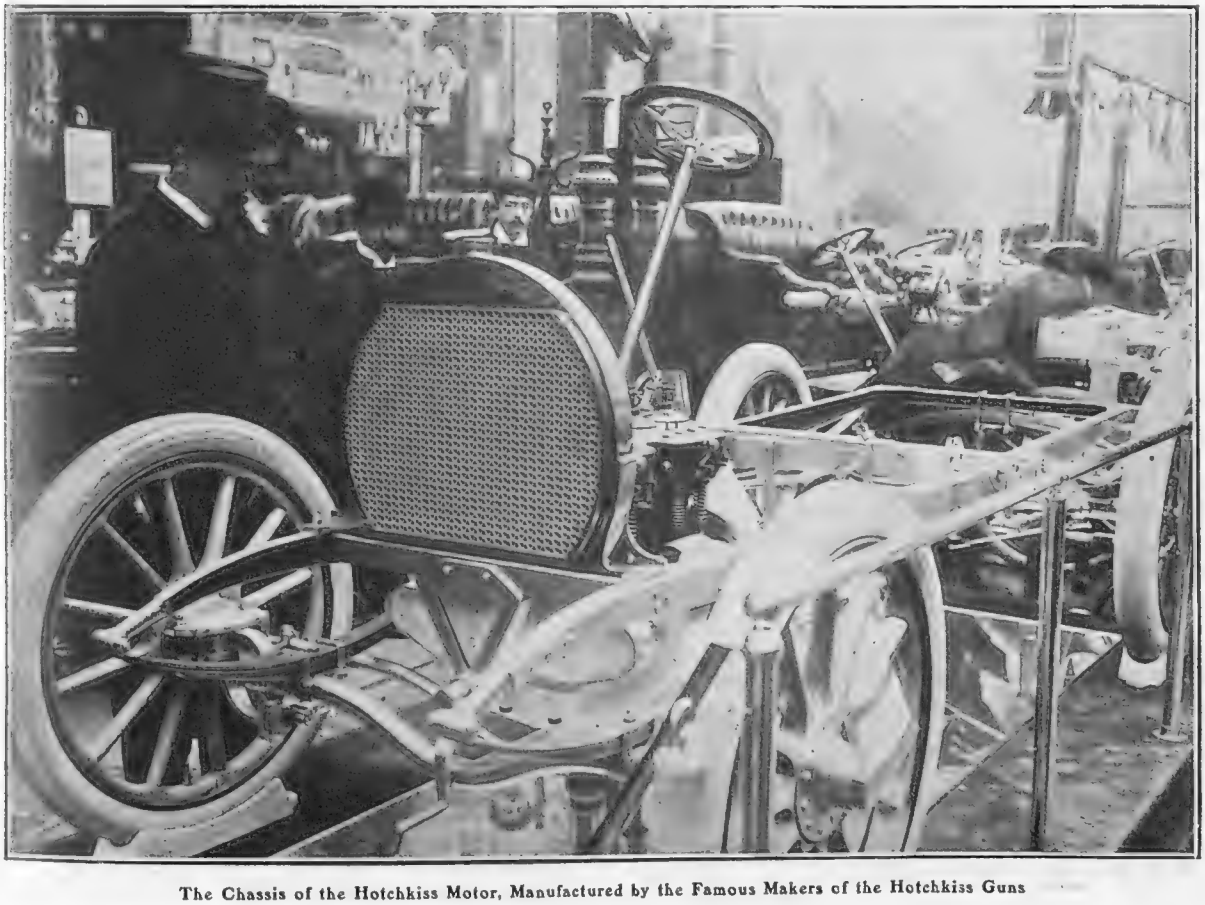
Second thoughts are sometimes the best, and after having in vain considered as to which county council should be honoured with his registration fee, the present writer has in the end deposited it at Kingston-on-Thames, and is now labelled "Potential Criminal of Surrey, number two hundred and fifty-seven." It was feared that the ruminative rural constable, on seeing day by day a car that he well knew resided round the corner legally placarded as appertaining to Northumberland, might easily be stung to fury by the spectacle, but with the prefix "P," it is trusted that all may go well, as of yore. "Comes from Northumberland does yer? Well—we're goin' to larn yer that this is Surrey, Wot's yer name 'n address? Show us yer licence!" Such might have been the horrid result. "Dog won't eat dog," but let the cockney A004 take heed to his ways. He's the man who will have to look out for himself, if he comes down our way.

C. J. Matson.

Who shall say that the spirit of British enterprise is dead when at the Paris Motoring Exhibition the Napier Company have won a prize for the excellence of appearance of their cars, and for the perfection of their machinery? It is specially gratifying to observe the Napier Company's success, because, of all English manufacturers, they have done most to build up the character for strength and reliability in workmanship. and good value for money, which has always been one of our national assets in commerce.

Since last year's Gordon-Bennett race the Napier cars have been unfortunately under a cloud, and for no reason, as every motorist knows, the Gordon-Bennett race is a gamble pure and simple. The winning car gains the victory more or less by a fluke.

In another direction, also, England has scored a success. Our contemporary, *The Car Illustrated*, edited by that prince of sportsmen, the Hon. John Scott Montagu, has been awarded first prize in a competition for the best illustrated and best produced journal devoted to motoring subjects, and no one would deny for a moment that the *Car* is not fully entitled to the distinction it has achieved. We cordially wish Mr. Scott Montagu and Mr. C. L. Freeston, the assistant editor, A Happy New Year, and one as full of good luck and prosperity as they have enjoyed in the past.



The Chassis of the Hotchkiss Motor, Manufactured by the Famous Makers of the Hotchkiss Guns

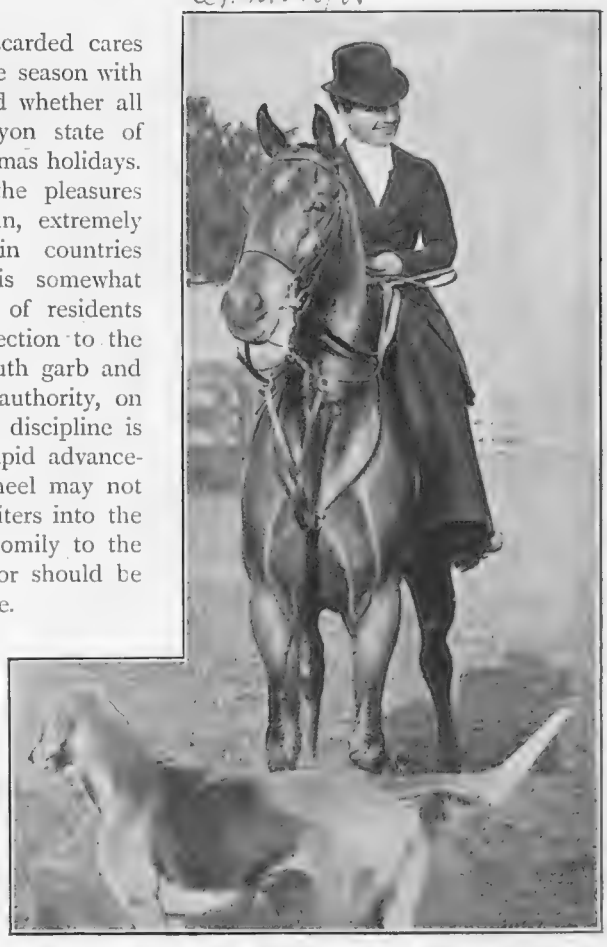
By Field, Stream & Covert.

Hunting

Rej. Nov 16/05

The Holidays

While ordinary mortals have discarded cares mundane and enjoyed the festive season with all due zest, it is to be doubted whether all masters of hounds are able to adopt the same halcyon state of mind when the weather remains open during the Christmas holidays. Still, there is no question but that participation in the pleasures of the chase by unwonted visitors is, in the long run, extremely beneficial to the cause of sport; and though in countries where capping is enforced the rigour of exaction is somewhat relaxed, the imposition of the tax upon the guests of residents has been, and is still, freely held to be a cardinal objection to the system. The presence in the field of persons of uncouth garb and comportment is ever a source of anxiety to those in authority, on whose part any remonstrance against trivial breaches of discipline is both futile and inexpedient. For, in these days of rapid advancement, one can never be sure that a turn of fortune's wheel may not transform the wearer of a cloth cap and outrageous gaiters into the well turned out territorial magnate. If, therefore, a homily to the strictly conventional sportsman is permissible, its tenor should be that a spirit of tolerance should be exercised—if possible.



The Duchess of Newcastle out with the Belvoir

The Belvoir Hounds

The salient difficulty which has to be encountered in writing about the Belvoir Hunt lies in the abundance of material at hand. Second only to the Brocklesby in point of antiquity, the Duke of Rutland's pack was no sooner established than it assumed a prominent position, to which the excellent working qualities and sightliness of the hounds, not to mention countless other advantages, fully entitled it. A suggestion that the fame of the Belvoir Kennel has ever been higher than at the

The Belvoir Hunt—Meet at Croxton Park

The Belvoir Hunt—The Pack on Their Way to the Meet

present day could not be entertained for a moment, and though perhaps it is to be regretted that the pursuance of a fixed policy entails the absence of any Belvoir representatives from the Peterborough showring, the perennial excellence of the blood is attested by its preponderance in the pedigree of every notable winner; last July, for instance, the champion dog-hound was by a Belvoir sire. What is most marvellous about the unquestioned supremacy of the Duke of Rutland's pack is the very small extent to which the blood of other hounds has been introduced; and though theorists are still to be found who denounce in-breeding too closely, the Belvoir hounds have never been cited by them as an example of evil results.

The Belvoir Hunt—A Large Field Waiting at the Covert Side

Early Records

Writing fifty years ago, the author who preferred to conceal his identity under the pseudonym of "Cecil," and to whom we are indebted for the compilation of the first Foxhound Kennel Stud Book, expressed his conviction that the hounds had been in the possession of the Duke of Rutland's family for over 130 years. It is remarkable, however, that, in tracing out pedigrees by the light of "Cecil's" *magnum opus*, the information regarding the Belvoir blood is decidedly meagre, compared with the records of the Brocklesby, where the investigator finds many lines of descent harking back to the eighteenth century. It would appear, however, that the purchase of Mr. Heron's Cheshire Hounds, in whom the original Meynell strain was strongly represented, proved highly advantageous to the pack, the date of the important addition being 1780, or thereabouts. So high an authority as the late Duke of Beaufort attributed the institution of the Belvoir pack to the third Duke of Rutland, who died in 1779; and from the same reliable source we learn that the beautiful markings that are still the peculiar type of the strain were probably derived from Lord Monson's celebrated pack, which hunted part of Lincolnshire at that distant period.

The Country and its Masters

So many pens have been engaged in extolling the merits, and expatiating on the variety of the Belvoir country, that no lengthy comment on its characteristics is called for. Every Wednesday and alternate Saturdays see hounds on the Melton side, and consequently attended by a huge concourse, many members of which, on the other days of the week, are to be seen with the Cottesmore, Quorn, and Mr. Fernie's. Grantham, which, though not surrounded by quite as good a country, is situated almost in the centre of the hunt, is, however, the headquarters of the regular Belvoir people, and all the choicest fixtures are to be reached within a dozen miles or so. The roll of past masters of the hunt is comparatively brief, the great Marquis of Cranby having been probably the first during the lifetime of his father. The fifth Duke succeeded to the title at the age of nine, and during his minority a committee, with Sir Carnaby Haggerston in command, managed affairs. Lord Forester held office from 1831 to 1857, when the late Duke assumed the mastership, and, until Sir Gilbert Greenall's accession, the pack remained in the hands of the Lords of Belvoir, the present Duke's retirement being received with the deepest regret.

Belvoir Huntsmen

The first huntsman of whom any personal details survive was Newman, who was appointed in 1791, and carried the horn for fourteen seasons. Shawe, who had done well under Sir Thomas Mostyn, was Newman's successor, and was so anxious to secure the situation that he waited out of employment for a year. Eleven years later Goosey, who had whipped in to both his predecessors, was promoted, and commenced a remarkable career. That lasted for twenty-six seasons, during the last four and a half seasons of which he had, for whipper-in, Will Goodall. Of the latter's great talents, and of his successors, Cooper, Frank Gillard who is still hale and hearty, and in constant request as a judge at puppy shows, and the present huntsman, Ben Capell, it is almost superfluous to make mention. Though all the Belvoir huntsmen have been admirably versed in kennel management and hound-breeding, the credit of perpetuating, the superb quality of the pack has been generally ascribed to Goosey, though it is claimed for Goodall that by a judicious and frequent use of Rallywood as a sire the hounds were much improved as regards length, while constant recourse to Mr. Foljambe's strain produced close and enduring workers.

L. J. B.

The Earl of Lonsdale, a Keen Follower of the Belvoir Foxhounds

Sir Gilbert Greenall, Master of the Belvoir Hunt

Coursing

The Dog in Field Sport

The visits of the International Gun Dog League to Scotland, twice to Lord Horne's Lanarkshire moors, and last season to the shootings of Mr. B. J. Warwick on Upper Speyside, have had much to do with the decision of the newly established Scottish Kennel Council to undertake the promotion of working trials for sporting dogs. Up to now, indeed, it has been a reproach that the only competitions of this kind, held in a country where in the early autumn not far short of two-thirds of the pointers and setters in the entire country, are being worked were promoted by an English club. Next autumn, however, native trials may be arranged ; in fact, judged by the interest created among Scottish dog owners on each occasion that the International Gun Dog League has visited their country, Mr. W. J. C. Reed and his committee will not lack support. It is to be hoped that the Gordon setter, a specimen of which is a rarity at field trial meetings, will not be neglected, for not only in the Highlands, but in the South, good working dogs of the native variety are fairly common, and their owners only want encouragement. Sir George Bullough, by the way, has the best kennel of Gordons in the United Kingdom, but, as president of the Scottish Kennel Club, he is not likely to support working trials promoted by an opposition organisation.

The Altcar Club and the Waterloo Cup

The January gathering of the Altcar Club is looked on as a fixture second only in importance to that at which the Waterloo Cup is the loadstone, for it is a recognised rule among the members to give their Waterloo candidates a public trial. The meeting is just six weeks before the classic event, a period enabling trainers to complete the preparation of their candidates, and, although too much reliance cannot

Mr. Brice, a Noted Coursing Judge

A Coursing Match

Note the curious result of a photograph: the greyhounds are going at full speed, and yet they appear to be languidly trotting

be placed on the running of greyhounds obviously only half fit, many a wrinkle as to the probable chances possessed by the leading kennels can be gleaned by a good judge taking the trouble to visit the classic plains of Altcar or the carrs of Lytham—on which the Ridgway meeting is held three weeks later—in the first months of the year.

A Match Postponed

The match between picked greyhounds from the kennels of the Duke of Leeds and Lord Sefton, which was to have formed so attractive an item at last week's meeting, is postponed until next season by mutual consent, but the Members' Cup is likely to be more interesting than usual. The winner will not lack backing for Waterloo. Mr. E. M. Crosse, whose fine kennel at Weedon has been so unlucky during the past few seasons, hopes to give Cheers a run in public; and another South country member, Mr. H. T. Michels, is not without hope that Melanite will lead and outwork the Northern cracks. Last season's winner and runner-up, Father Flint, and Paracelsus, and possibly Fleet Footed—a Sanghall "rod in pickle"—with Lonely Star, Art of War, Militant, Romulus, and Handicap Form, are all expected to run at this week's fixture, and it is to be sincerely hoped, by the way, that next season Lord Sefton will sanction inclusion in the January card of a stake open to Waterloo nominators other than members of the Altcar Club. B.

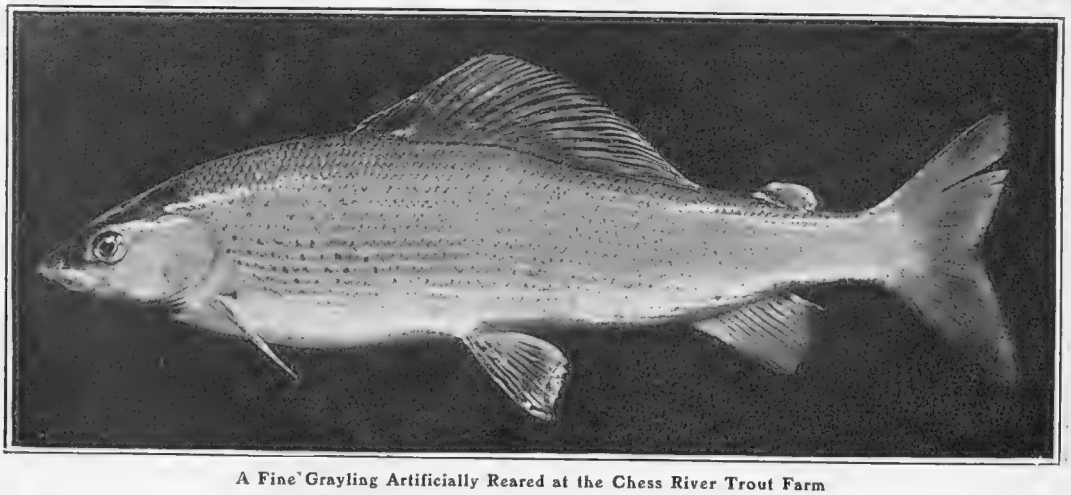
Fishing

Our Illustrations

The reproductions of different kinds of trout and grayling in these pages are among the best I have ever seen. They are not drawn by hand, but made from photographs of the actual fish, taken by Mr. A. R. Peart, proprietor of the Chess River Trout Farm, Chorley Wood, Herts. Mr. Peart is fortunate in having admirable facilities for fish culture on one of the most celebrated trout streams in England, much of it belonging to the Duke of Bedford, and all of it strictly preserved. The fish do Mr. Peart great credit, and he is one of the very few fish breeders who are successful with that beautiful fish, the grayling, which is now at its best season. By appointment, Mr. Peart will be happy to show his stock of fish to gentlemen who may want English or American trout for stocking their waters, and also his arrangements for breeding the natural food of fish—a most important adjunct to successful fish breeding.

The Season for Grayling

The grayling is in prime season now, and until the end of February will give fine sport when in rising mood. As far as biting is concerned, you cannot have the weather too cold for the grayling, and in rivers where its use is allowed a well-scoured redworm, fished a

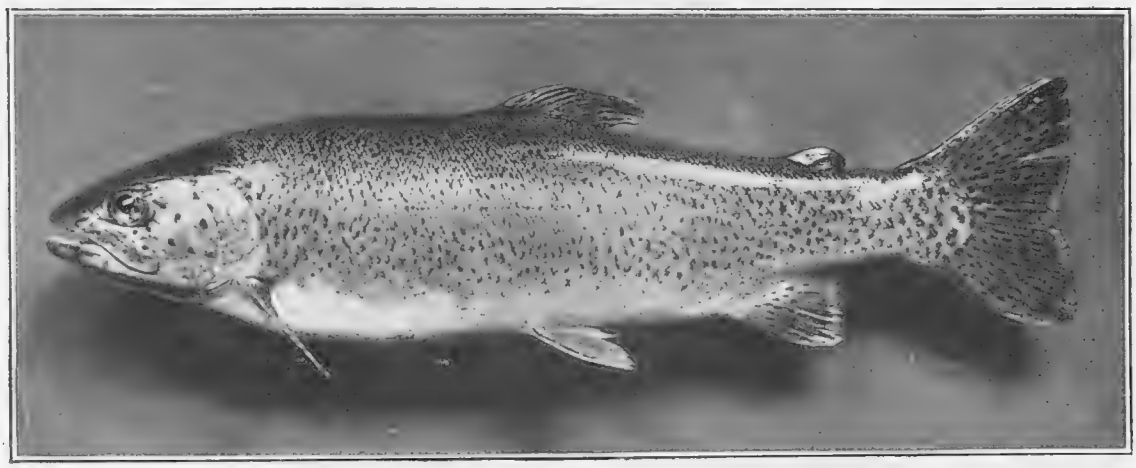


A Fine Grayling Artificially Reared at the Chess River Trout Farm

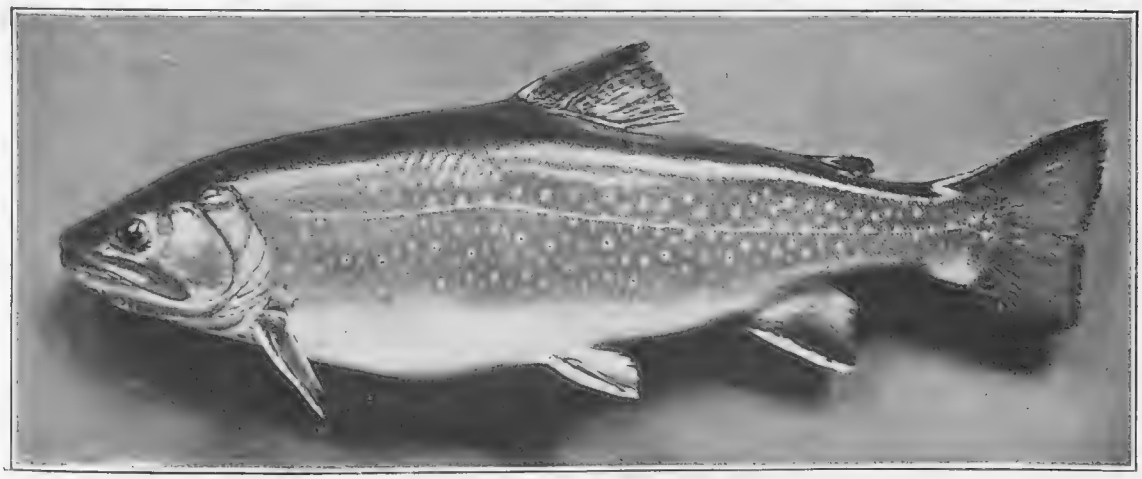
Brown Trout—Weight: 1lb. 1oz.

foot from the bottom on light float-tackle is very deadly. There is a very killing way of grayling fishing practised in Shropshire and Herefordshire called fishing the "grasshopper." A hook, with some lead on the shank, is covered with green worsted ribbed with yellow silk with a bit of straw bound on two opposite sides. On the point of the hook is put a gentle or two, or a small redworm or grasshopper. The bait has some small resemblance to a caterpillar, and is fished by being gently lowered to the bottom of a stream in a grayling river, and then "worked" along with a series of gentle jerks, a tiny quill float about an inch long is used. With a long, light, stiff rod you drop the bait into all likely places; if there is any deviation in the motion of the float, or if it stops before the bait reaches the bottom, you strike gently—the grayling follow the bait and take it. Hewett Wheatley mentions that a friend of his fishing the "grasshopper" in less than two and a half days' fishing killed a hundred and eight pounds weight of fish—nearly all grayling. The curious thing is, that this method of fishing is confined almost exclusively to the Severn and its tributaries. I have tried it without success in Derbyshire and Yorkshire, and know that others have had the same experience, and yet on the Teme and Clun, where I have had good sport with it, its use is restricted, as it is considered too deadly. Some anglers laugh at the idea of grayling taking a minnow, but I have occasionally taken them with an artificial minnow, and in the Dove many a fine grayling has been killed with a natural minnow, spun slowly and deep.

R. B. M.



Rainbow Trout—Weight: 12½ oz.



American Brook Trout—Weight: 1lb. 9 oz.

These three varieties of trout were artificially reared at the Chess River Trout Farm

ON THE GREEN.

"Concerning Golf," by John L. Low

I do not think I can start the New Year better than by drawing the attention of golfers to Mr. Low's book on golf which has lately appeared. Mr. Low needs no introduction, from a golfing point of view, and those who have had the good fortune to peruse his charming memoirs of the late Lieutenant Tait will not need my assurance that the literary quality of the new book is most excellent. Mr. Low unites, in his own person, the rare gifts of a great and scientific golfer with those of an able and keenly humorous writer on the game.

Scientific Character of the Book

Mr. Low's book is not one for babes and sucklings at the game. Let no unhappy beginner on the hard and thorny road of golf turn to this book in the hope of finding sustenance for his weary journey. The book is not for the beginner, but for more advanced students. It contains, indeed, within its covers, an admirable justification for the small caddie's remark to the learned professor at St. Andrews, who was complaining of his slow progress at the game, "Eh, man, but gouf requires a heid." A "heid" is required with a vengeance to understand Mr. Low's extremely scientific exposition of the various strokes, the execution of which differentiates the master of the game from the duffer.

Mr. Low's Final Wail About the Rubber Ball

Mr. Low's first chapter is mainly devoted to a final outcry against the rubber ball, which, in his opinion, has robbed the game of much of its virtue as a scientific sport. We must not grudge him this last kick at his victorious enemy; and I need not say that, personally, I have, from the very outset, differed from him on this subject. I have no doubt that Alan Robertson felt very much about the gutty ball when it superseded the feather ball, as Mr. Low does about the American ball. Is it not recorded that Alan employed minions to collect and bring him all the gutty balls they could find, so that he might destroy the noxious things? and did he not purposely top the first gutty ball he was given to try, and triumphantly exclaim, "The thing winna flee"? But he lived to make the finest use possible of the new ball, and so, no doubt, will Mr. Low and his followers.

A Slight Discrepancy

On page 13 Mr. Low says: "It was a man's job to drive a gutta-percha ball the requisite 180 yards; a lad may easily do it now." But on page 167 he says: "In golf, as we have considered it, the simple slogger should not have too great an advantage over the less powerful but more skilful player." These are contradictory views, but let us hope that the paragraph quoted last expresses Mr. Low's more mature opinion, for one of the great benefits the new ball has brought about is that of saving the game from degenerating into a mere rivalry between sloggers.

The Power of the Breezes

The assertion that golf courses have in recent years been laid to suit the power of a given ball, and that the good length holes have therefore been ruined by the new ball, leaves out of consideration a factor, and a very important one, to wit, the wind. Mr. Low, indeed, recognises this in the concluding paragraph of his first chapter. The merest tyro at golf knows that on most courses, more especially seaside ones, it rarely happens to the golfer to have an absolutely still day. Now these aforesaid good length holes are entirely altered in length when one is playing either against or down a moderately strong wind. If wind could be abolished from the hazards of the game—and, thank heaven, that is impossible—every hole on every course could be laid out on an ideal scheme of length, and the advent of a new club or ball, achieving greater carries and length than before, would considerably worry all green keepers and committees. But so long as wind remains an agency within the game, the talk about certain lengths for holes need not have too much attention paid to it. By all means let us have good length holes, and let them, as Mr. Low says, abound in side hazards, so that the straight and accurate player may have his reward, but do not let us forget that the wind, which bloweth where it listeth, will often cause the best laid schemes of green committees to "gang agley," and necessitate shifting of tees forward or backward.

Mr. Low's Views on Bunkers

My readers will begin to think I have come to "bury Cæsar, not to praise him." But having had my difference of opinion out with Mr. Low, let me hasten to add that with all his other views on the game and how to play it I am in the profoundest agreement. Not the least precious part of his book is that about bunkers, their nature, and their proper position on the links. Mr. Low is all against the cross trenches which disfigure so many of our Southern courses, and is all for cunningly distributed side bunkers through the course and near the greens. I cannot do better than commend his remarks on this subject to the attention of all green committees and those intending to lay out new courses.

The Stymie

I am glad to see that Mr Low is a staunch defender of the stymie, which, I fear, stinks in the nostrils of so many Southern golfers. But the stymie is part and parcel of the game as it has come down to us from our golfing ancestors. "It constitutes an element of luck," say its opponents. Yes, but what game would be worth a doit that had every element of luck excluded from it? A bad lie off a good drive is a bit of bad luck; but a good shot out of it calls for the skill of a fine player, just as the stymie necessitates a clever little stroke to surmount its dangers. Abolish the stymie, and you abolish a distinct, traditional feature of the game, and I therefore welcome such a powerful voice as Mr. Low's raised in its defence.

Mr. Hilton's Chapter on Driving

A most valuable and interesting addition to Mr. Low's book consists of a chapter on the art of driving, by Mr. Hilton. It is pleasant to note these two friendly enemies in alliance. Who will ever forget their historic encounter in the final of the Amateur Championship of 1901 at St. Andrews? Who that ever had that luck will forget Mr. Hilton's driving, and those two superb shots at the two last holes, or the extraordinary putting of Mr. Low in the second round?

Pulling and Slicing

Both Mr. Low and Mr. Hilton are great exponents of the fancy shot, and both devote much time in the book to endeavouring to show players how to pull and slice at will. To possess these two faults as servants, not masters, is a great power, though most golfers are only too thankful to be able to play straight, without worrying about pulling or slicing at will, and other such scientific niceties. Nevertheless, the finished golfer will find much valuable food for reflection in all that these two great players say on this dangerous topic. Personally, I have found that a simple change of stance generally brings about either of these desiderata. If you wish to pull, stand as though you intended to hit 30 or 40 yards to the right of the proper line. But, instead of looking at the direction in which your stance points, look at the point to which you wish to propel the ball. You will be looking rather over your left shoulder; your hands will follow the direction of your eyes and will bring the ball round. Contrariwise, for slicing, stand as if you intended to send the ball 30 or 40 yards to the left of the proper point; then, by aiming to the right of the line of your stance, your hands will bring the club across the ball and execute the slice. With the present shaped dumpy head the slice is difficult to bring off, and you may require a longer faced club for this particular stroke.

A Delightful and Valuable Addition to Golf Lore

But I think I have said enough to whet the golfer's appetite for a perusal of the book. He will find it a most valuable addition to his golfing library, and will rise from reading it with grateful and affectionate admiration for its author, one of the most genial and delightful companions a man can have, whether in the flesh, on the course, or in spirit, within the covers of his book.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Mr. H. H. Hilton is a Great Exponent of the Fancy Shot

WOMAN'S PASTIMES

Hunting

The sport of chief interest in the Christmas holidays has been hunting; and the Boxing Day meets were simply colossal. But the sport, on the whole, was less remarkable than the hospitality suitable to the season. The Quorn met as usual in Loughborough Market Place, and the Town Hall dispensed hospitality by means of Mr. George Hodson, a well-known member of the hunt. Lady Kimberley was out, Lady Constance Wodehouse, Mrs Levy, Mrs. Burns-Hartopp, Mrs. Hawkes-Woodward, the Misses Packe, Mrs. Deighton, and Mrs. Everard de Lisle The weather was cold and uninviting; and sleet fell as hounds started. There was bad scent, and a poor day's sport with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds on Boxing Day; but a very large field met at Burton, hundreds of people turning up. The Duchess of Beaufort and Mrs. Harford were out, and also Mrs. Hamilton, among the well-known followers. Mr. Fermie's hounds had a splendid day on Saturday, and beat the hardest riding of the field. There was a capital day's run from Staunton Wood, and hounds killed their fox after an hour and thirty-five minutes' gallop, few being up at the death besides the huntsman. Later in the afternoon there was another tremendous run, without a check, from Sheepthorns to Glenn Gorse, where the pack divided, and both foxes were killed, the original and the second. It was the best day for many seasons

Good Sport of Late in the Field

There has been some good sport lately with the Lanarkshire and Renfrewshire hounds, but the weather has been very bad; among those out have been Miss Wallace, Mrs. Clark, Miss Cayzer, of Cowdenhall, Mrs. Jellicoe, and Mrs. N. Stewart. Lord Eglinton's hounds had good fields at their recent meets: and wonderfully spring-like weather for Christmas week; Lady Edith Trotter was out, Mrs. Heneage, Miss Bell, of Montgreenan, Mrs. David Shaw, Miss Heneage, Mrs. Andrew Arthur, the Misses MacKenzie, Miss Muriel Arthur, Miss Prothero, Mrs. Maxwell of Nelter-place, Miss Dunlop, and the Misses Neilson. The Duke of Buccleuch's hounds have drawn large fields to the meets, sixty to eighty riders being the average of followers. At the meet at Lord Minto's house, Mrs. James Bell-Irving received the hunt members. Mrs. Bell Irving's two little girls, the eldest of whom is only eleven, ride remarkably well, and were both out with hounds; others were Lady Nina Balfour, Lady H. Campbell (driving), Miss Trotter, Mrs. Gough, Miss Baillie, Miss Myra and Miss Helen Heron Maxwell, and Miss Greig. The South Cheshire have had several good days lately; their Boxing Day meet was at Bulkeley village, and a large holiday field followed, with better luck as to seeing the sport than is usual when so many are out. The Duchess of Westminster had a fall when out with the South Cheshire at Broomhall,

Club House of the Ladies' Golf Club at Portrush

her horse failing to clear a gate and coming down. The Duchess pluckily remounted, and took part in the run, the kill being at Brook's Mill.

Golf Meetings

The Kent County Ladies' Golf Club will hold a winter meeting on the 29th inst. on the links of the Barnehurst Club. There will be a medal round, with scratch and handicap prizes, and 9-hole foursomes under handicap. The Burntisland Ladies Golf Club held their Christmas competition over the Dodhead course, in a strong wind that marred the beauty of low scores. Miss Duff sent in the best return, 73 scratch; Miss M. Cuthbert, 88—4=84; Miss Balfour Kirke, 107—14 =93; and Miss Banks, 103—8=95, also played well. The last competition for the year, at Hoylake, was won by Miss B. Banks, the runner-up being Miss M. A. Graham; Miss Crowther took the prize for the best aggregate on the year. The Royal Belfast Ladies' Golf Club have just presented their late honorary secretary, Miss Carson, with a gold bracelet set with turquoises, in recognition of her four years' tenure of office. Miss Connor, the vice-president of the club, entertained the members of the club at tea, at Carnalea, on the occasion, and presented the bracelet with complimentary speeches. Lady Moray has opened the six-hole course of the Down Golf Club; so that Irish golfers have new opportunities.

A Noted Hockey Player

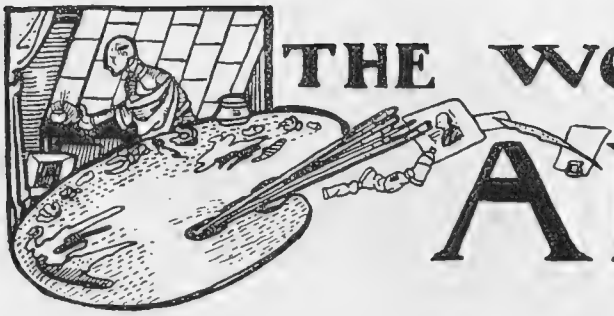
Miss Dorothie Combes, whose portrait we have much pleasure in reproducing this week, is captain of the Northern Ladies' Hockey Team. Since 1897, when first she began to play, her career in the ladies' hockey world has been one long list of triumphs. In her second season she was chosen as centre-half for her county, Cheshire, which could boast of the strongest team in the North, and that same year she was also one of the successful competitors for the Northern Eleven. Since then she has played for both teams every year, and last season was chosen for All England, and played as right-half in both the Scotch and Irish matches. It is scarcely necessary to add that she is a most keen and enthusiastic player, the rapid progress she has made speaks for itself, but we may add that she is one of the most popular members of her club, the Spital L. H. C., where they are all intensely proud of her, and, besides attaining the important position of captain of the North, she was also unanimously elected captain of the Cheshire Eleven this season, on the resignation of Miss Carver. Her position on the field as half-back is certainly the ideal one for a captain, as she is in touch with the whole of her team, in a way that is impossible for either a forward or a back; for in the one case the rush and the attack necessary in the forward line leaves little time for observation, and in the other the captain who plays back can have but very few means of communication with her forwards, especially during the game. We have no hesitation in congratulating the Northern team on the captain they have chosen this year, and hope they will all endeavour to be a credit to her,

Miss Dorothie Combes
Captain of the Northern Ladies' Hockey Team

and when they meet their great rival, the South, on February 5, hope they will assist her to uphold the honour of the North.

Lancashire v. Kent To-day

To-day there is a very interesting match near London, when Lancashire meets Kent. It is interesting because this is the first year in which Lancashire, or any of her sister counties, have gone on tour to challenge the Southerners. Lancashire has undoubtedly the strongest eleven in the North, and are playing Sussex, Kent, and Surrey, and the result of these matches will be a surer test of the relative merits of North and South than the territorial match can ever be. There is every prospect that the Lancashire ladies will give Kent a good game to-day, though the fact of their playing three such important matches on three consecutive days is bound to be a slight handicap to them. Kent, moreover, are very strong this season, and have been winning all before them. Their forward line is especially useful, and at half the Misses Tanner and G. Lightfoot are invincible. Surrey, whom they play to-morrow, hope to be able to put their strongest eleven into the field, and a very strong eleven it is, too. We must hope that the Lancashire ladies will not be quite tired out by them, for they will certainly require all the skill and ingenuity they can procure.



THE WORLD OF ART

Concerning the Art on Stone of Charles Hazlewood Shannon

Of the men who have made lithography a tuneful and an exquisite medium to express the art that is in them, there are few who can surpass, within his own ange, the fine work of Charles Hazlewood Shannon. The work he does on stone is, in its *technique* and its treatment, thoroughly within the gamut and range of that means of artistic expression—it never looks like an etching or a substitute for some other medium. It is never the sketch for a painting. It has all the dignity and all the completeness of a work of art—it expresses a mood of the artist in its thoroughness, and has no suggestion of the mere sketch. There is as much tune in its movements, as much suggestion of colour and music in the little masterpiece, as the artist would put into an oil painting. He glories in the thing as a perfect thing in itself, and, by consequence, his lithograph picture gives all the delight and emotion of the complete mood to such as are stirred by the strange and mystic emotion that is expressed by line and form and white and black when it is set down by the master hand.

In movement the masterly lithograph of "The Intruder" is particularly remarkable. The child that stops playing with the basket of fruit to gaze at an intruding cock is suggested in the atmosphere of a light warm straying summer breeze; the sea beyond ripples under its warm breath, and the very ground is touched and blown with the unseen movement of the sportive, unseen wind. The perfection of the piece—its composition and arrangement, as well as the mood suggested—is wholly delightful. The lithographic black is dragged so tenderly along the white surface, it models the form of the child, draws out the design of the sea and ground, with such a sense of caressing affection for the shape and texture of things. Then the white line is sent playing over the surface, toning down the blacks, and running the whole together in tender harmony.

There is a drawing entitled "Biondina—"a woman in full skirts standing before a mirror, a couple of cats in stealthy pose on the back of a lounge hard by—which is free from the white line, and shows the artist's sense of composition remarkably well. But I have given a very fine design of a nude figure with lilies to show what exquisite artistry is the gift of this man when he uses the white line for chief factor in his modelling; in other words, the masses of black having been largely spaced in, the drawing is done by scratching away whites instead of drawing in blacks. The beauty of this result is very great. The decorative forms of the lilies make the design very resonant and telling, and force up the fleshiness of the rather clumsy body with rare art.

A Lithographic Study in White Lines, by Charles Hazlewood Shannon

I never quite understand how a man, as richly endowed as this artist, so often misses a great reputation. His painting in oil is superb. As I have tried to show, his lithography is art of a high achievement. Yet the name of Charles Hazlewood Shannon seems but to hover about the confines of a big reputation. Is it that his mind is too much aloof from the great tragic and comic sense of life? Is it that he plays with emotions that are away from the great pulsing sense of everyday moods? I think so. I think that he looks at life too much from over the window-blinds of tradition, instead of stepping into the throng and transferring emotion as it is felt by his own generation and

"Biondina" By Charles Hazlewood Shannon

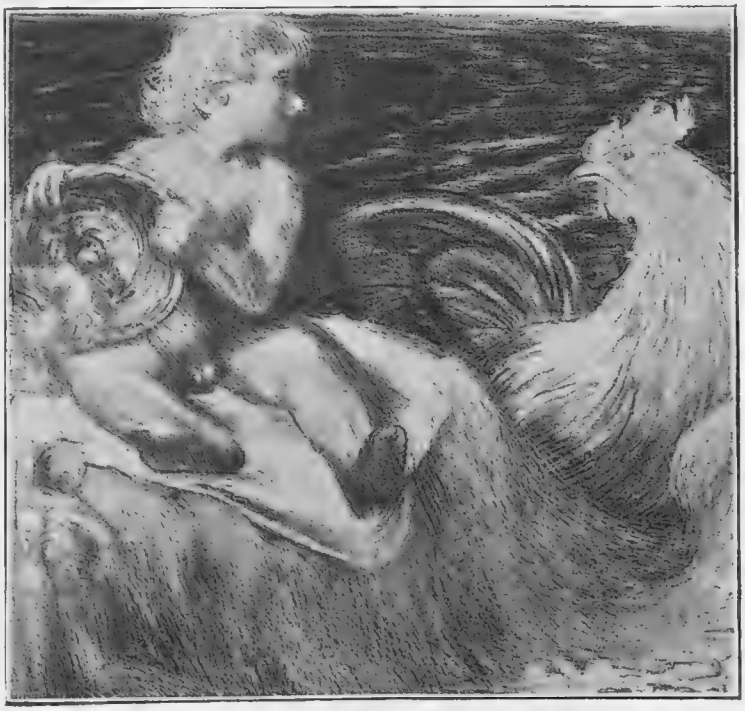
his own people in his own day. He but lacks a great scheme. If he would but live, and suffer and laugh, with the mighty mystery of life as it goes by, instead of limning a fanciful life in the studio, this man might reach the heights. His craftsmanship is perfect; he brings distinction to everything he touches.

HAL DANE.

Art Gossip

At the annual general meeting of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, a letter was read from Monsieur Rodin, acknowledging the honour done him by his election to the presidency of the society, in succession to Whistler. Mr. Lavery, in his tribute to the dead president, spoke many true and graceful words; but, surely, he takes Whistler's literary work too seriously when he says that, in his "Ten O'Clock,' Whistler has written the Gospel of Art. Whistler, like most artists, in spite of an incisive and bitter pen, in spite of a wondrously keen wit and sardonic humour, was strangely vague when he tried to explain art. If you shall try and discover what is the meaning and essence of art, you must go to Whistler's splendid achievement in art, and not to what he wrote about it. No artist is very sure what art exactly is. He *does* feel it. If he be great enough, he expresses it in terms of art. But when he comes to write a definition of it, he is generally pitifully futile. And perhaps Whistler, for all his splendid gifts, nay, because of them, was the most futile of all, for he masks his failure under a brilliant wit. Much that he says in "Ten O'Clock" is true, all of it is marvellously and beautifully written; much of it is questionable, and the greater part of it is wholly misleading. His own high achievement alone obliterates his dogma. When Mr. Lavery solemnly states that "Ten O'Clock" is the only competent expression of art in existing literature, he only proves what I have said at the start, that the artist is generally vague in explaining the meaning of art, for the very reason that what he has to express he puts forth in the achievement of his art and by his art. Indeed, Mr. Lavery, in stating that Whistler, "in his great fight with Ruskin, demonstrated that painting and writing are separate and independent arts, each with their own means of expression," most unwittingly acknowledges this fact—for what is true of Ruskin must, obviously, also apply to Whistler, if Mr. Lavery's ruling is to stand.

The fact is, that Whistler established such a terror amongst the critics—most of whom were men who learnt art like a trade, and had absolutely no real original feeling for the music of colour, and line, and form, apart from dogma — that they came from flinching at his lash to whining at his feet. I think Whistler himself realised this, and despised them for it. Whistler was a very great and a very clean-hearted and lovable man. You would not think it from his writings, which belie his great achievement.



"The Intruder" By Charles Hazlewood Shannon

Photo by *Beresford*

Charles Hazlewood Shannon

Specimens of whose dainty lithographic art illustrate this article

The Selecting and Hanging Committee for the coming year are: George Henry, Joseph Pennell, Bertram Priestman, E. A. Walton, H. Wilson, W. Strang, Derwent Wood, and C. H. Shannon.

On Wednesday, the 23rd, was fixed the date for the showing of Mr. Willliam Strang's drawing of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain at Carfax's Gallery in Ryder-street, St James's

At the Doré Gallery is to be seen Mr. Davidson Knowles's "The Sign of the Cross," which has made so popular an appeal throughout the provinces, founded in part on Mr. Wilson Barrett's well-known play; also Mr. Goldsborough-Anderson's "Creed or Conviction" is added to the popular attractions of these galleries.

It will be of interest to all who exhibited last summer at the Royal Academy to know that they are entitled to hear the new professor of painting deliver his six addresses, for Mr. Clausen, A.R.A., is sure to strike an interesting note, and will not have to contend with the yawns of students. He is to open with "Some Early Painters," and end with "Open Air Painting and Impressionisms," so that there ought to be an interesting and controversial series before the youngsters. It is to be hoped that Mr. Clausen will publish them—and illustrate his book with all and every picture referred to. It is maddening to read pages of discussion on works of art, and not to have some copy of the works to judge from.

The New Gallery is in the possession of the International Committee by now, and we shall soon have the big show upon us. There seems to be a healthy amount of heartache over the business among the studios, one way or another—which is, perhaps, a good sign rather than a bad one.

It is somewhat sad to read of an early Millais going at auction for fifteen guineas. Still, Millais *could* paint pretty badly on occasion. I did not see the "Mrs. Rodeney" that fetched such a pitiful sum for the owner at Christie's, but from its description it seemed rather quaint and charming, and Millais's early work is, as a rule, very gem-like and beautiful. He is not the only "modern" who has sold at these appallingly low figures this winter. It must make the owners of some modern pictures rather uneasy. It is best to buy pictures that are a joy to one, after all. The dealers are not infallible. Whistler may have a "slack time" as much as anyone in ten years or so, one never knows the whims of buyers, and owners of his etchings seem to be selling with feverish haste to secure the benefits from his high popularity to-day. Indeed, we must not forget that Ruskin considered Rembrandt a muddy, vulgar painter; and that his greatest masterpieces were sold amidst the utter contempt of his countrymen and fellow-artists! What a world of whim and fancy is in the whole business!

H. D.

"Neil Munro"

From the portrait by William Strang

Reflections out of Court

Gloomy Reflections Bring One

Whilst ruminating lately in an aimless way on the futility of Boxing Day to one who has slipped from the box-receiving to the box-donating age, my thoughts—as even my thoughts will—strayed on to another kind of box, the witness-box, or (still more gloomy) the box that holds a prisoner. Thence I wandered to the ease with which one might find oneself in either. I pictured myself strolling down an ill-lit street on a winter evening. Suddenly I stumble upon something pliant; I stoop to feel what it can be. It is a human body with a dagger growing from it. I draw my hands hurriedly away, appalled at the thought that I may be suspected. A panic seizes me, and I begin to run. Heavy footfalls follow me. . . . My thoughts swoop for relief to another scene—the trial where Innocence shall find its meed. I am in the dock. A constable deposes to have found me running, hatless, with red-stained hands; a stranger (probably the real murderer or his tool) swears to having heard me threaten the victim. The judge takes up his black cap . . . but I have prudently decided to change my thoughts, though I can reach nothing more cheerful than the witness-box.

To the Witness Box

And, truly, this is not one hair too cheerful. There is no more lamentable sight, nothing more calculated to foster pessimism, than to see an indubitably worthy British matron floundering into self-denial under the steely stare of a rising barrister, and the icy "Yes or no?" of a sinking judge. Finally, she leaves the court, rebuked by the judge, a self-convicted perjurer, with far more stains on her reputation than the hardened prisoner whose reputation is so black that only a white stain could show upon it. The real unfairness of the "Yes or no" system has never been pointed out; but I, of my generosity, will declare it. Just as some young men can say naught but "Yes," or "No," so some old women can, by their nature, never say that, simply. And, while they attempt to blurt out, "Well it was, and it wasn't," or to explain, be it ever so briefly, what Mrs. Smith remarked to them, his worship raises his pince-nez, and their fame is smirched for evermore. And often even our shy, monosyllabic youth would find it hard to answer "yes" or "no." I cut this passage from a leading evening paper:

> King's Counsel (examining witness): Did you—I know you did not, but I am bound to put it to you—on the 25th—it was not the 25th really, it was the 24th—it is a mistake in my brief—see the defendant—he is not the defendant really; he is the plaintiff—there is a counter-claim, but you would not understand that—yes or no?
>
> Witness: What!!

Small wonder that the witness's thoughts phrased themselves with such fervour as to call for the service of two exclamation marks. Henceforth he, with the worthy matrons and the murderer of the first paragraph, will rank as sceptics of the value of evidence.

And the Wiliness

But I note that a cunning professor in Berlin has reached that state of mind, without passing through such horrors, merely by a mighty bit of ingenuity. He contrived that, just as his lecture was beginning, there should be something of a battue (they are very warlike in Berlin) between two undergraduates. One of them suddenly rapped out a cane, and smote his friend a lusty smite upon the head, whereupon the other brandished a revolver and fired a round of blank, in true old Adelphi manner, at the ceiling. Nobody seems to have minded much—it is only the bull-dog, phlegmatic Briton who gets excited in such cases—but the professor told them that the event had had a purpose, and they must treasure all its details in their souls. Then, when the tale had had a week to grow, he asked his class to write an exact record of what had happened. There was no judge, no barrister, to worry them, and the twenty students seem to have been about as respectable as 'Varsity men are wont to be. But the accounts showed vast powers of imagination hitherto unsuspected in the Teuton. Everyone made some use of the revolver in his novel, but the owner of it varied with the story's author. No less than eight men were mentioned as the opener of the struggle. I incline to think that some suspicion was thrown on the ingenious professor, but I will not warrant the purity of this assertion.

Of a German Professor

In any case, if those twenty youths had been examined before the police officials of Berlin, eight of them would have been haled off on suspicion of brawling, duelling, *lèse majesté*, or something no less terrible; which fact inspires the professor to a paradox: when evidence is unanimous, he says, suspect foul play and bribery. So that the true reform of our judicial system must be Gilbertian. "The evidence," our judge must say to the bewildered prisoner, "is entirely in favour of your guilt. I therefore acquit you, and sentence each of the witnesses to five years' imprisonment, with hard labour." Of course, I may have misconstrued the paradox; there may be other methods of reform. I am quite acclimatised to being in the wrong, by now. But, at least, I grant the abuse; and will yield to no one in my respect for the ingenious Berlin professor.

D. C.

The Connoisseur.

English Chairs of Bygone Days

To a generation whose chief and most permanent addition to the art of furniture-making has been the bentwood and cane variety of seat which now dominates Europe and America, a study of the English chairs of other days should be of no small value. Antiquity has two classes of example to offer: the first, in a way, represents the last word of refinement, culture, and luxury, such as the masterpieces of Egyptian work and the thrones of Greece and Rome; the second, the simple but admirable stools and low chairs of fairly common use. The gradual blending of ornamentation of the seats of the mighty with the simplicity of the plain chairs of the people is the early history of furniture in this direction. But however many and frequent the changes of fashion and design, the first principles—and often many details as well—of the chair of old Egypt are to be found in every example of later days.

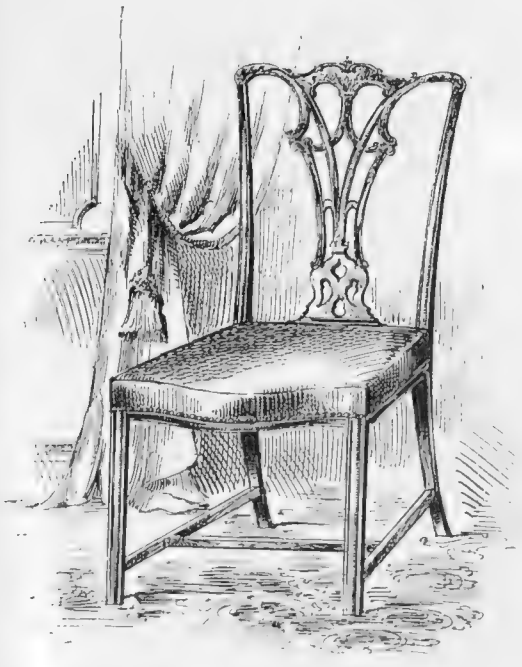
William and Mary Chairs

The four specimens of William and Mary chairs which are given in our illustration below are about as unsuggestive of the Orient as any seats could well be, and yet a student will find resemblances. The upholstery of the seat, although in a different manner, is as old as the palaces of the Pharaohs; the little foot below the decorated front crosspiece is traceable to the small stand at the base of the legs of Egyptian chairs, the original use of which was to elevate the piece of furniture above the covering of the floor. But these particular William and Mary chairs are not inclined to trace their ancestry into the remote mysteries of Eastern things. One would be content if one noted that they had Stuart parents, and that their blood was vitalised with the spirit of the English Renaissance, and broadened with a touch of Dutch influence. These chairs, which are at present in the collection of Mr. Charles, of Brook-street, are worthy of study as somewhat clearly marked examples of one of several styles in vogue after the coming of the Dutch. The high and ornate backs have the feeling of Stuart times, with something of that graceful detail which Louise de Quérouailles and other ladies of the French Court brought into England in those days, and which showed in English furniture of a somewhat later period.

Four Specimens of Chairs Used in the Period of William and Mary

Finish and Detail

Although the final proportions of these chairs are not perfectly satisfactory to our present views, their detail is full of interest, and their historic value—in the art of cabinet work—great. With William of Orange came the veneers already fashionable in Holland and Flanders, but these examples are in the earlier and more lasting style before the marquetry and inlays of coloured woods had become general,



and robbed Stuart furniture of something of its strength and dignity. For Dutch marquetry has many sins to answer for, often being used to hide bad workmanship and add an adventitious value to a poor original. Indeed, this fact has led many collectors to turn away from furniture of foreign make or foreign inspiration to our own eighteenth century men who, whatever were their faults—and we could write a long article on that subject—still put a wonderful quality into all portions of their work. The drawers, the back, the unseen parts, of an eighteenth century Dutch bureau are suspect, but no curve or corner of a Chippendale chair need be doubted for a moment.

Chippendale's Manual Work

Chippendale's pretty taste in ribbon-pattern backs, and combinations of scrolls and curves, would have been of little value to him had he not helped his invention by remarkably good manual work. The somewhat Dutch curves of the William and Mary chairs with their Renaissance finish—in the backs—seem to lead on directly to the studied and simpler grace in the Chippendale designs, to foreshadow them, but hardly to promise so admirable a result, as is shown in the accompanying illustration, where pleasing severity is combined with slight but solid ornaments. The excellent manner of this chair might alone stand responsible for Chippendale's reputation. This boldly simple and effective piece belongs to Messrs. Gill and Reigate, of Oxford Street, who also have now, in their galleries, one or two examples of the distinctive *bergère* chairs by Sheraton. This is in a late, but not quite the latest, style of the great English master of inlays, but it leads us right out of the eighteenth to the prim and simple times of the beginning of the last century. It is a link with the masterpieces of English cabinet work, but not one very likely to be greatly copied in our day, for the modern padded easy-chair has long since swept all competing ministers to our comfort out of the field.

E. M.

Lawn Tennis in Winter in Sweden—The Crown Prince of Sweden Playing on a Covered Court

H.R.H. is one of the keenest of players, rarely letting a day pass without going on the court

MATTERS MUSICAL

Pantomime Music

The last year or so I have been much struck with the improvement in the music which is offered with the annual Christmas entertainments, an improvement, I may say, for which there certainly was room. Music of this class is necessarily very ephemeral in character, and no sane person would ever wish it to be anything else, but there is no reason why it should not be artistic—within its limits, of course; and, therefore, I welcome the advance which is being made. This year I have heard some very dainty music at the "shows" I have seen. Storms and moments of dark villainy are now treated in quite a miniature Wagnerian manner, and many a dainty ballad, simply yet tastefully orchestrated, can be found in most of them. This improvement has been brought about by the engagement of more capable musicians for the work. I notice that this year, for instance, Messrs. H. Trotère and Frederick Rosse, two well-known song-writers, are responsible for two pantomimes (as far as the musical portion is concerned). This is as it should be, for a song-writer, who knows his orchestra, is just the man for this class of work, and he can be relied upon to turn out "taking" numbers. Mr. Trotère's music in *Robinson Crusoe* at Fulham is very tasteful, and in the submarine scene his new song, "Within your heart," scores a success, daintily sung by Coraline (Miss Hilda Stephens).

Madame Amy Sherwin

Musical Piracy

All right-minded people will welcome the formation of a Committee of Inquiry upon the subject of the musical piracies which have been responsible for so much distress in the music-selling trade for years past. I, amongst others, however, am surprised to see the name of Mr. J. Caldwell, M.P., upon this committee, seeing that this gentleman has been the only opponent to the Bills upon the subject which have been introduced into the House the last ten sessions. However, there is now some hope that we may soon see this public immorality—for such the producing and buying of pirated music really is—put down. A lot of irresponsible rubbish has been written on the matter, but, for sheer irrelevancy, it would be hard to beat the using of prices of music as a defence of the piracies. The best answer, I think, to such an argument is to point to the fact that, if a patent article is before the public, they cheerfully pay a high price for it, and to anyone who grumbles there is always the answer, "But it is a patent, you see;" and a piece of music is surely in its way a patent, for it is the product of the time and brains of its author; as a matter of fact, to those who really know the trade, music is not at all dear, and there are certainly not any startling profits made: a South African magnate will sneer at the percentage yielded by the most flourishingly music-publishing businesses.

New Year's Day Music

There is not much to say about the programmes of the two concerts on New Year's Day. The Queen's Hall programme (with Herr Emil Paur in Mr. Wood's place) is a familiar one. Sir F. Bridge adheres to his custom of presenting the *Messiah* without the Mozartian additions to the accompaniments, and his view of the matter is undoubtedly a correct one. But to modern ears Handel's own orchestration is fearfully thin, and certainly Mozart's additions are welcome to most of us. The Royal Choral Society have how definitely announced Elgar's *The Apostles* for their last concert on April 10. I suppose that the reason for announcing that the composer will conduct is to increase the chances of a monetary success; it cannot surely be that the Society's conductor is unequal to the task of mastering such a modern score as that of *The Apostles!*

Dr. Elgar in Italy

Dr. Elgar, by the way, has expressed himself (in letters to personal friends) as delighted beyond expectation with this his first visit to Italy.

The studio—looking towards the window.

On the walls hang original chalk drawings by the late Phil May, which are much prized by Madame Sherwin

Two Views of Madame Amy Sherwin's New Studio

A New Year's Card by Phil May to Madame Sherwin

He is spending a good deal of time at the piano, I hear, so that we may expect to hear more of this holiday later on. So poetic a musician as Elgar cannot fail to add to his artistic capital during a visit to the sunny south.

A Critical Question

A very pretty quarrel has been brewing between the musical critic of the *Birmingham Mail* and the executive of the Halford Orchestral Concerts, which has resulted in the exclusion by the management of the paper from its Press list. The trouble seems to have been chiefly come by a rather extravagant eulogy of Mr. Dan Godfrey's conducting on the occasion of his recent concert with the Halford Orchestra. Personally, I rather sympathise with the concert society's view of the matter, but I can assure them that the same sort of thing happens in London. Critics go wild with enthusiasm over a foreign conductor who takes charge of the Queen's Hall orchestra for an evening, but can pass by Mr. Wood's own concerts often with very faint praise; and in each case it should not be forgotten that the native conductor has the training of the orchestra.

Madame Amy Sherwin's Studio

Everyone who is interested in singing, and the teaching thereof, will be glad to hear that so accomplished an exponent of the art as Madame Amy Sherwin has recently opened a charming little studio in Bond Street, where she intends to devote much time to the training of young and promising vocalists. It will be recollected that Madame Sherwin was the only English singer who was asked to participate in the recent Wagner commemoration at Berlin, although private reasons obliged her to decline the honour. The most successful example of Madame Sherwin's training is the new English tenor, John Harrison, whose voice was really never developed to its fullest range until he was taken in hand by the great singer. In the photo of Madame Sherwin's pretty studio, which we reproduce, some large sketches are seen on the walls. These are original chalk drawings by Phil May, and they are, in a sense, a record of the friendship—of many years' standing—which existed between the artist and the singer. H. J. C.

THE MENU

Two Luncheon Menus

I.

Pâté de Foie Gras.
Mutton Cutlets.
Spinach.
Potatoes Sauté.
Roast Pheasant.
Corn Salad.
Cabinet Pudding.
Lemon Jelly.

II.

Savoury Soufflé.
Whiting au Gratin.
Saddle of Mutton.
Parsnips à la français.
Mashed Potatoes.
Compôte of Fruit.
Baked Custard.

CABINET PUDDING

About 3doz. raisins or cherries, three penny sponge cakes, 2oz. ratafias, four macaroons, 1½oz. citron, four eggs, one pint of milk (or half milk and half cream), rind of one lemon, six bitter almonds, 2½oz. castor sugar, one tablespoonful of brandy. Butter a quart mould thickly, and garnish it with stoned raisins or dried cherries, candied peel cut into strips, or pistachio kernels. Slice and lay in it three penny sponge cakes, four macaroons, 2oz. ratafias, 1½oz. candied citron peel, sliced thin. Boil the milk with the sugar, lemon rind, and bruised almonds till well flavoured; pour it whilst hot on to the beaten yolks of four eggs and the whites of three. When this custard is nearly cold, stir in one tablespoonful of brandy. Pour it by degrees into the mould, cover it well with a buttered paper and cloth, and steam one hour. Let it stand a few minutes before turning out. Serve with wine sauce. Very good hot or cold.

WHITING AU GRATIN

Scale, empty and wash the whitings; dry them well. Grease a fireproof china dish, strew over it some minced mushrooms and parsley. Place the fish on this, sprinkle some more mushrooms and parsley over them, season with pepper and salt, sprinkle some breadcrumbs over, add some bits of butter, 2 glassfuls of white wine, or vinegar and ketchup. Bake twenty minutes. Boil the sauce up (after removing the fish), and pour it over 1oz. butter, 1 tablespoonful of parsley, 4 mushrooms, pepper, salt, 3oz. breadcrumbs.

PARSNIPS À LA FRANÇAIS

Peel and wash the parsnips, and divide them. Boil in salted water, with a little lemon juice. When tender, drain and dry in a cloth, brush over with egg and breadcrumbs. Fry a golden brown.

EMILIA.

His Majesty's Theatre

"THE DARLING OF THE GODS."

It is the pantomime season, and in theatrical affairs the pantomime season involves a temporary suspension of the ordinary rigours of dramatic criticism, as much as a temporary change of the requirements of the playgoing public. Custom decrees it so; and although there is no logical reason for supposing that people want to see gorgeously spectacular productions any more at this time of year than any other, or to read unequivocal laudatory reviews of theatrical productions more in December than in June, it is difficult to refuse to bow to the accepted doctrine. Both of the plays which come up for notice this week fall clearly under the provisions of exceptional Christmas regulations. For if Mr. Arthur Collins's tremendous ear-splitting, eye-splitting, and side-splitting manœuvres at Drury Lane demand, according to tradition, the employment of all the complimentary superlatives in the dictionary, Mr. Tree's elaborate stage settings at His Majesty's in *The Darling of the Gods* are just as obviously in the same category. If this piece were produced at any other season of the year, one might have some excuse for pointing out that the author's work in it is very conventional, and not always very effective melodrama, and that it affords little real opportunity for the capital acting of Mr. Tree himself, of Miss Lena Ashwell, or of Mr. Basil Gill—the last a recruit who has joined the strength at His Majesty's from Mr. Wilson Barrett's provincial company, and has shown us, not only in this play, but in the previous production of *Richard II.*, what a virile, sonorous, and sympathetic addition he will be to Mr. Tree's forces when an opportunity is given him of showing his real powers. If it were not pantomime season, one might be tempted to point out that the literary style of the American authors, Mr. David Belasco and Mr. John Luther Long, has scarcely sufficient distinction for scenes of passion so ambitious as some of *The Darling of the Gods* is clearly intended to be. But as it is pantomime season, one may safely put all these considerations on one side, and marshall up all the superlatives available to praise Mr. Tree for his interesting, apparently accurate, and sometimes very beautiful reproductions of Japanese furniture, Japanese wall-paper, Japanese costumes, Japanese armour, Japanese drop curtains, and the

entertaining mannerisms of Japanese behaviour. One may think that the whole thing was, from the point of view of dramatic art, not very much worth doing; that if there had been a good play, it would have been swamped by Japanese scenery, and what must have been to the actors a physically painful fidelity to Japanese manners; but it is the pantomime season, and the whole thing may fairly be considered, merely upon its merits as a show. And from this point of view, it is one of the most artistically pleasing, and generally most beautiful things that has been seen in London for a long time. One may laugh a little at the Japanese Minister of War with trap-doors opening in the floor of his apartment, disclosing an abyss, grimly illuminated by flaring lights, where he invites his guests to enter "my unworthy torture chamber." One may smile a little at his communicating with the same torture chamber through another little trap-door in the floor at another corner of his room. And the spectacle of his banging down these trap-doors and drowning the shrieks of his victims by a Geisha ballet upon the floor above may seem just a little ridiculous.

But then, considered as a show, it is all very beautifully done indeed. There is a wonderful garden of flowers. There is a moonlight picture of a summer night, which is a triumph of judicious lighting. There is a softly tinted room with wall paintings, not only characteristically Japanese, but really beautiful. There is a splendid black and gold lacquered temple, with a fearsome, many-handed, idol. There is a fine effect of an underground cave, with an entrance of rocky steps occupying the whole height of the stage; and then there are delightful costumes, both gorgeous and simple. There are numberless accessories, refreshingly and gracefully characteristic; and throughout there are most carefully managed and imaginatively conceived effects of lighting. It is all little more than a show, perhaps. But it is a very good show—artistically good. The design is—real design, the colour is good colour, such as one rarely sees in the theatre, and the whole thing may safely be recommended to many to whom the pleasures of the eye are the chief attraction of the theatre.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY"

Humpty Dumpty is rather a different kind of entertainment, but it is very good, too, in its own way. Whereas everything at His Majesty's is subdued, and—in spite of the excessive profusion of detail—almost restful, everything at Drury Lane is loud, aggressive, and rather overpowering. The colours are kaleidoscopically magnificent, but one must not expect much in the way of a colour scheme in a Drury Lane pantomime. The orchestra is blatant, but that is evidently what people want. There is too much of everything, but it is all good of its kind, and people seem to like to have too much. It appears to convince them they have not wasted the money for their seats. It is difficult to know what to say about it all, and impossible to describe it. For, although one can quite safely—and, I think, truly—say that Mr. Arthur Collins has once more surpassed himself, it is much like

other Drury Lane pantomimes. There are flying ballets and other ballets. There are vistas of brilliantly-lit scenery. There is a talking tree, a cockatoo, a two-headed bird, a gigantic cat, and an animated scarecrow—all to amuse the children. There is Miss Marie George, a dainty and Yankee fairy princess. And then there are the comedians—quite a host of them: Mr. Dan Leno, doing rather less than usual, but very well; Mr. Herbert Campbell, stentorian and genial; Mr. Harry Randall, aggressively comic; and Mr. Hugh J. Ward, an actor whom I do not remember to have seen before, but who gives, as the decrepit scarecrow, the cleverest piece of acting of the evening. And that is about all.

P. C.

The "Drury Lane" across the Water

THE FORTY THIEVES AT THE SURREY THEATRE

For a glimpse of distant Arabia up-to-date, one must go across the water and penetrate into the county of Surrey. There Ali Baba and his forty thieves, with singularly fresh complexions, considering the climate in which they committed their depredations, are to be seen in all the glory of helmet and cuirass. This desperate crew manages, by the exercise of many pretty evolutions to accumulate vast and extraordinary treasure which is stumbled upon by an Arabian costermonger and a donkey. Then the fun waxes furious. There was much laughter, there were many songs, and there was always a donkey, who proved himself to be by no means an ass. Russia and Japan, strange to say, were seen to be dancing amicably together. There was also a venerable and overgrown parrot that winked his eye, and did not say, "Your food will cost you more." Also, there were some really good songs, and Mr. Ernest Ball, as Hasserac, with a complexion that would put a dervish to shame, sang them in a very fine baritone voice. In fact his song "A son of the desert" was particularly noticeable for its excellence of rendering. Miss Maude Nelson—still a boy, though a veteran in pantomime—made a notable success in one or two of her songs "On the day" and "We are pals now" being perhaps the most appreciated. Mr. George Conquest as Mrs. Baba, the buxom wife of a labouring man, kept the audience in a constant titter with her domestic worries and huge dimensions.

The piece was staged very well, and the scene with the fairy fountains was indeed a master work of stage craft. The fairy fountains, with their various jets of water in ever-changing colours, were beautifully effective. In fact, the scenery and the dresses were all of the best.

The pantomime thoroughly maintained the traditions of the Surrey Theatre, and Mr. George Conquest is to be congratulated on having gathered about him so talented and capable a cast. Bernard and Weston, the two comedians, are really funny without being vulgar, which is something in these advanced days of pointless humour. It is to be hoped that the play will run for many weeks to come. And, judging by the audience at the fall of the curtain, it will.

THE QUEEN AND HER COOK IN THE WOOD

THE COOK MR HARRY RANDALL

PETER MR C. BASTOW

THE SCARECROW MR H. J. WARD

THE KING MR HERBERT CAMPBELL

Flounces and Fashion

Christmas is over and forgotten, while the New Year's festivities are shortly about to join it in the limbo of oblivion. These festivities, however, revealed many facts of fashion worth noting. First and foremost amongst these was the popularity of flowered brocade as a fabric for evening frocks. Those of us who have suffered from the perishable vices of the adorable chiffon will welcome the new order of affairs with enthusiasm. Quite young girls may wear brocade frocks, provided the groundwork be light and the pattern small. And brocade lends itself happily to the gathered skirts, which grow daily and nightly more gathered, and it is, for evening wear, usually fashioned to display a lace front, while the bodice is cut into a deep point in the front and bears a lace chemisette threaded with ribbon. I pause to observe that the gathered skirt is extremely becoming to the waist, if that waist be not encircled by a too straight-fronted corset. The corset must be modelled to meet the demands of fashion, and although the waist—the fates forbid it!—should not be unduly compressed, it must be gently, but firmly, persuaded to a round slimness if a gathered skirt is to look its best beneath it.

The evening coat appears, just now, to be even as the political columns in the newspapers, devoted to the Japanese. The shape of the kimono is universally adopted, either in the native embroideries, lined with ermine or with one of the inferior kinds of sable, with a collar of the same fur. Some of the Chinese mandarin's coats are made entirely of sable, a notable example bearing a significant peacock's feather embroidered at the corners and on the sleeves. To this sort of coat the old lace stoles form the only possible trimming, which is at once as elegant and becoming to the mantle as to its wearer.

The English furriers rather despise the Chinese sables, declaring them ill-sewn and ill-dressed, but nevertheless they look well, and are of course much cheaper than Russian sables or even Canadian sables.

A coat made in the same simple, square style is delightful in white Chinese fox, but this should only be worn by a very tall woman, and the only possible decoration is a line of Chinese embroidery on white satin, with that bordering of a single fold of black satin, which is so artistically introduced in all the best Oriental embroideries.

Talking of embroidery reminds me of a flippant friend of mine who is devoted to old Chinese sleeves, and who declares she wishes every Chinaman had been an octopus, and had eight arms, for then we should have had a glorious feast of these delights, whose popularity, by the way, threatens now to make them rather rare.

I have just seen a new petticoat, eminently worthy of being chronicled; made in white *glacé*, it is trimmed with two flounces, cut *en forme*, bordered with two inches of thick white Russian net, upon which is traced, in black velvet ribbon, the old Greek key design.

The latest novelty in underwear is a petticoat which has a top of kid, to which *glacé* flounces of different colours may be buttoned at will. We have turned aside from the questionable fascinations of the black satin knickerbockers; and brocade, lined with nun's veiling and trimmed with plain *glacé*, now goes towards the making of the ideal winter underwear; a good specimen for everyday use is of green plaid of the Mackenzie clan, with a flounce bordered with four lines of green and bright red velvet ribbon overlapping each other.

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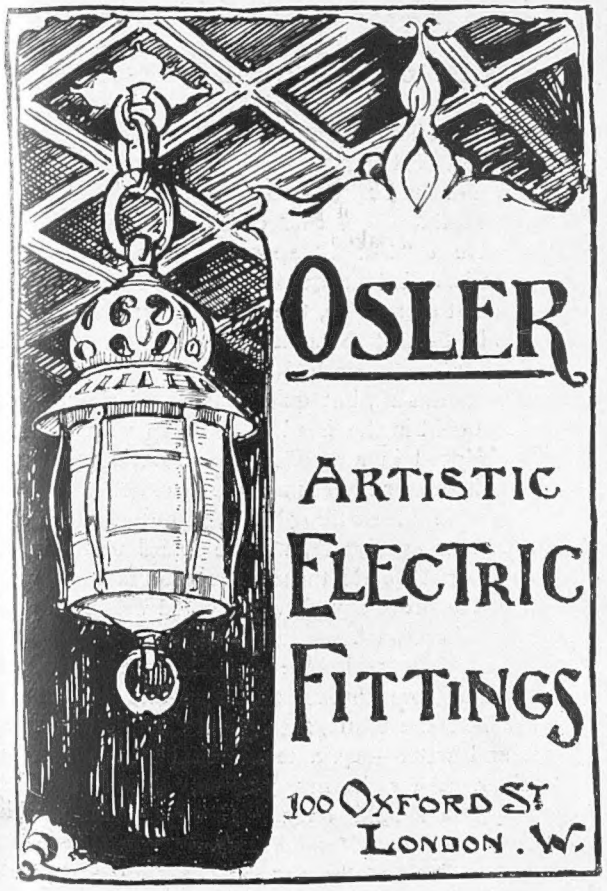

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TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

Sketched at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street

An inquirer has asked me for information regarding the curing of moleskins.

In the curing of moleskins for wearing apparel there is much skill needed, every skin being treated with oil, afterwards carefully removed, and every particle of flesh being cut away with a sharp knife, while a final process through sawdust is necessary to render it entirely soft and pliable. Of course, under present conditions, the price of moleskin has gone up considerably.

Some Fancy Tweeds

Mindful of the fact that the January sales are about to commence, I should like to draw the attention of my readers to the smart little tailor-made costume sketched by our artist at Messrs. Peter Robinson's, of Oxford Street, built of the best quality tweeds, in all the newest effects and colouring. The coat is silk lined with a smart collar of embroidered velvet and cloth. The sleeves are of the fashionable bell shape, and inlaid with medallions of velvet. The price is only 73*s.* 6*d.* Altogether, the costume is quite an ideal one for town or country. They have also some very smart blouses. The first to take my fancy was a pretty black silk accordioned brilliant slip, with handsome fitted yoke and cuffs; the sale price is only 29*s.* 6*d.* The second to occupy a place in my wardrobe was a dressy blouse in nun's veiling, accordion pleated bodice and honeycombed yoke, which costs 5*s.* 9*d.* I also bought a Japanese silk slip, inlaid with transparent lace medallion for 12*s.* 9*d.*

NITA.

The Toilet Table

THE CARE AND CURE OF COLDS

Winter time gives us the "cold" fiend to fight, and a goodly array of friends are needed to combat this foe with success.

Of the variety of colds there is no end, and perhaps the most objectional form is laryngitis, in other words a painfully sore throat, with attendant hoarseness, an ill that comes to many of us and most generally to those who have been operated upon for the removal of the tonsils, and have neglected to have the roots burnt. Laryngitis can really be best prevented by not covering the throat too much; indeed, on a friend of mine going one day to a doctor to cure this troublesome complaint, the first thing he proceeded to do was to remove her carefully arranged furs from her neck, and tell her to wear no neck-band, or at least only a lace one. "It seems strange treatment, but really the only way to cure your throat is to brace it up," he said, "and it is impossible for the air to do its proper duty if you muffle your throat with furs."

An effectual cure of laryngitis is to stay in bed for two days in an even temperature not speaking a word; this, however, is practically impossible for the average woman.

Ordinary colds are more difficult to cope with. For those colds commonly styled "in the head," ammoniated quinine is a nasty, but very effectual, remedy, while another is a camphorated pill every fifteen minutes; and again to be recommended is eucalyptus oil sniffed up the nose at night.

When a cold is in the head, the face and complexion suffer, and the best way to alleviate their ugliness is by plentiful doses of cold cream at night. The lips also have a "baked" appearance, and lip salve will have to be called into question, while if the eyes should become at all swollen, the most effectual way to cure this is by bathing them either in cold tea, or hazeline and water.

An unpleasant, but quick, means of ridding yourself of a cold in the head is to sleep with the head well wrapped in a woollen shawl, having previously taken either some hot lemonade or claret.

A bottle of smelling salts, especially those of menthol or eucalyptus, will be found useful in this time of trial; while those little glass inhalers, which can be bought at any chemist's filled with eucalyptus, are most beneficial.

Again, I have known a doctor recommend, for colds and sore throats and such-like ailments, no other medicine than gargling persistently with strong salt and water—say, a teaspoonful and a half to a tumbler. After having gargled, the rest of the preparation should be sniffed up the nose, which greatly helps to clear it, and this partially relieves the unbecoming necessity of being in a perpetual state of snuffle.

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

We were greatly interested, not to say amused, by the way in which our esteemed contemporaries, the *Globe* and the *St. James's Gazette*, announced that they had discovered our ignorance in the matter of a brace of partridges. In this wise: As our readers will remember, in an early issue of THE BYSTANDER, we published a drawing entitled "Widowed." The drawing represented a brace of partridges, one of which had just been hit and was falling headlong in mid-air. The inscription, of course, referred to the hen-bird, left without her mate. But the unfailing eye of the *Globe* and the *St. James's Gazette* critics discovered that, lo! and behold! the birds were both cock birds. And with much gusto they announced this fact to the public at large. For these gentlemen's edification, therefore, we beg to announce that the greatest experts are frequently unable to distinguish between the two sexes, the only difference being that the hen-bird has some slight cross-bars on the back of the wings, just over the scapula. As the artist does not show the back of the wings, we (including our artist) are at a loss to know how these critics drew their conclusions. We bow to their superior knowledge, but perhaps they will deign to explain.

The coloured supplements presented with each copy of THE BYSTANDER have, from the first, formed one of the paper's most successful features. This week a new departure is made by the presentation of a reproduction from an original drawing by the late Phil May. This kindly caricature of the Prime Minister is the first of a series of ten drawings by the same artist of the leading lights of the political world, which will be given weekly to readers of THE BYSTANDER. It is unnecessary to insist upon the appropriateness of these reproductions as supplements. At the same time, it may be pointed out this series of ten supplements make a collection which it is worth anyone's while to have framed.

In our days it would seem that the arduous task of learning to read music for the pianoforte is quite unnecessary, thanks to the invention of mechanical instruments for the purpose having attained such a marvellous pitch of excellence. Perhaps, out of the numberless machines that have been invented for the purpose—and they are legion—preference should be given to the Metzler Piano Player, as it is small, extremely neat, and though of the highest quality of excellence, it is cheaper than most, and is easily wheeled aside, should the performer care to finger the piano in the usual way. Free recitals are given at 43, Great Marlborough-street, at 3 o'clock every Thursday afternoon, which should inspire people to give the £39 asked for the Metzler.

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